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The New Zealand Theatre & Motion Picture

An Illustrated Monthly
Devoted primarily to the best interests of
STAGE, SCREEN & PLATFORM

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WELLINGTON, 15th AUGUST, 1921.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

JUDGING from the remarks which have been made, both in Auckland, Wellington, and now in Christchurch, relating to the admission charges that are being made for "Chu Chin Chow," one would imagine that we were the most ill-used public in the world, and that J. C. Williamson, Ltd., and J. and N. Tait were arch-profiters of the deepest dye. To such people who have aired their opinions in the manner indicated, at the dinner-table, in the hotel lounge or smoke-room, in the street, or the home, it will doubtless be news to know that New Zealand, for some freakish reason, gets its theatrical amusements cheaper than any place in the civilised world. Australian managers must have an outlet for their companies, other than Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, and New Zealand happens to supply a six weeks' touring ground which gives that relief, and as the result, the prices have always been low. Under my nose, as I write, is the advertisement of a New York theatre, exhibiting pictures, with a ballet and orchestra thrown in, but the price is not 2/7; it is two dollars (in our money, 8/4). An adjacent Vancouver paper announces the performance of "The Maid of the Mountains," with the top price 12/6, plus tax. We heard Calve ten years ago for 6/-. In May last she sang in London on a Sunday, the top prices being 12/- and 8/6. The highest price at the recent farewell Clara Butt concert in London was 15/-. The prices in London for the Russian ballet are as fol-

lows: Stalls, 17/-; pit stalls, 8/6; dress circle, 12/-; pit, 3/-; and so on. But what most people in this country are not aware of is that, both in London and New York and other large cities, there are pernicious systems which add considerably to the cost of admission mentioned in the newspaper advertisements. In London there is the Keith-Prouse library system, which is so powerful that it finances theatrical productions; that is to say, if its expert judges fancy a production is going to be a success, the firm will guarantee the management to take so many hundreds of stall seats for every night for a month or three months, and will pay for them there and then. If the show is a success, the firm scores, by selling the seats at a premium of from 2/6 to 5/-, and the person who wishes to see that performance, having only a limited amount of time to spend in London, must pay the piper. Keith and Prouse and other "library" firms have offices in most of the big hotels, and are prepared to secure you seats in any theatre at the enhanced price. In New York the system is different only in form. There speculators buy up bunches of seat-tickets in a show that looks like a success, and vend them out to the best advantage. Mr. Robert Greig, producer of "Chu Chin Chow," said that it cost him 42 dollars to take himself and a party of four to "Potash and Perlmutter." So that, taking one consideration with another, New Zealand—a little island country away in the South Pacific—should not consider itself ill-treated when its theatre-goers are asked to pay the very reasonable prices theatrical managements at present charge. There is very lit-

tle chance of them being cheaper, that is, if the standard of play, performer, and picture is to be maintained.

"MOVIE" MUSIC.

THERE is a clear and well-defined trend in the best picture houses towards giving the public good orchestral music. It was at one time thought that the days of the orchestra were numbered, and that mechanical organs, with brass band and orchestral effects, would supplant the living instrumentalists. It can't be done. However well a mechanical instrument may be played, it still remains mechanical to the finer ear. How often do you hear, or say to yourself in passing along a residential thoroughfare of an evening: "There goes the pianola." Yes, there she goes, and you can always recognise the jade by the super-brilliance of her execution and her degrading lack of soul. So the picture proprietors, who are in some instances afflicted with artistic ideals, have come to the conclusion that the orchestra is the thing, and any evening now a person who wishes to hear good music, in most cases adequately played, may step into a picture house and listen, not to Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern, but to Greig, Mendelssohn, Cesar Frank, Schubert, Bizet, Puccini, Gounod, and even Beethoven and Wagner, mingling their strength and beauty with the lighter, but just as agreeable music, the whole forming a two hours' pot pourri of music not readily heard elsewhere—at the price.

Theatrical Happenings in Dunedin.

Enlivened by Newspaper Controversy.

The Rev. Clarence Eaton Tilts at the Stage.

Purveyors of amusement in Dunedin have been full participators in the general depression of the times. The pantomime "Humpty Dumpty" did but fair business; the Cherniavsky Trio received patronage a long way below the measure of their importance; and Ernest Drake, Dunedin's own tenor, fresh from his London successes, faced painfully empty houses. Even the picture shows, the regular pabulum of the masses, have been running on low box office pressure. Vaudeville, however, has found a Moses to lead it out of the financial wilderness in the Rev. Clarence Eaton, whose jihad against the stage, with particular reference to vaudeville as something polluting the air, elicited a rain of newspaper correspondence that was like a ton of manna to one of the newspapers. Manager John Hamer, of Fuller's Dunedin house, himself wielded a bludgeon in defence of the people's entertainment, and apparently with some effect, for the cleric's partisans were quick to stigmatise the counter-attack as mere personalities, which is the general squeal of the debater who has been basted with a thick stick and has sore ribs. The general criticism of the stage was, in any case, rather thick, emanating as it did from the representative of a Methodist church (Octagon Hall), which, besides being a house of prayer, is for six nights of the week dedicated to "profane" pictures of the same commercial type as other picture houses exhibit; at, I understand, a very profitable rental to the Methodist Church. True, the Rev. Clarence Eaton is there to censor, with, probably, arbitrary powers, and obviously all the will in the world to exercise them arbitrarily; and, no doubt, there is scriptural justification, to wit, "spoiling the Egyptians"; but, nevertheless, to that graceless and abandoned creature, the average person, the thing had a doubtful aspect, and the sharp points of several pens were stuck into the clay feet of this Methodist idol. The little engagement petered out as suddenly as it began. The main protagonists—the Rev. Clarence Eaton, the doughty Rev. Frank Gorman, and Manager Hamer—finally left the field to the sporadic sharpshooters who generally finish such controversies.

The very obvious moral obtruding from this affair is that there is en-

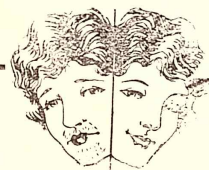
ough legitimate work for the parsons in purely religious regions, where they can leaven the lump and raise public taste. In the meantime, the best censorship of an entertainment like vaudeville is the very rigorous one which is exercised by all reputable managements, supplemented by the public's general dislike of the smutty or suggestive quip. The lowly earthworm who attends the theatre has a fair standard of decency, though Mr. Eaton and his puritanic like appear to doubt it, and all the objectionable matter that gets into good vaudeville could be collected in a thimble. At the same time, vaudeville is not a section of a church concert, and as far as it is concerned a parsonic thumb thrust into the pie would ruin the pie for everybody except the owner of the thumb. A parson may be a very good parson without being fitted in any way to exercise discrimination in choosing the public entertainment. Indeed, the very fact that a person takes up this profession proves him to be an abnormal (using the word in no opprobrious sense)—an exceptional and utterly unrepresentative person. Vaudeville as measured by the yardstick of the wowser does not exist. That is the plain truth of the matter.

Wellington's "Geisha" Postponed.

The Wellington Amateur Operatic Society, which announced in these columns last month its intention to stage "The Geisha" in August, has since decided to postpone the season until October 22. The reason for this alteration was owing to the season being closely sandwiched in between that of "Chu Chin Chow" and the English Pierrots, and as the stage would have taken two or three days to clear and put straight after the "Chu" season, and the Society's scenic artist would be handicapped, it was thought wisest to postpone until a more convenient season.

TO ADVERTISERS.

"The N.Z. Theatre and Motion Picture" is a unique advertising outlet reaching as it does the heart of the healthy amusement-loving section of the community. It is sold in practically every important theatre in the Dominion, booksellers. Last month (July) the sales in Theatres increased by over 1,000 copies, making a 2,200 increase in the last two months. It has the largest sale of any monthly magazine circulated in the Dominion. Put on your considering caps, publicity seekers.



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Crime and the Kinema.

By "Close-up."

I detest a subject of this kind, for the simple reason that this kind of subject is detestable. My instinct tells me that the old women of both sexes who condemn the kinema condemn themselves, either as unspeakable prigs or congenital idiots. My reason tells me that it is unwise to allow this weird tribe of kill-joys to shriek curses on the kinema on every occasion that a small boy steals tuppence.

The liberty of the subject has already become a political joke, and I am inclined to think that it is in danger of becoming a sociological myth. Every chance breeze is utilised to pollute the world with the poison-gas of the puritans and, on the principal of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, it is high time that some of us retaliated by suffocating the puritans with their own gas. In the brave days of old, it was an amusing custom to burn one's neighbour if he dared to reject your religion. The twentieth century has taken the principle (or lack of it) a step further by saying that one may poison one's neighbour if he dares to reject your irreligion. My attitude towards these narrow-minded, disgruntled advocates of "misery for the multitude" has been gloriously expressed by the historian who, having occasion to comment on the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock, ventured the opinion that the world might have been a better place to live in if Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim Fathers.

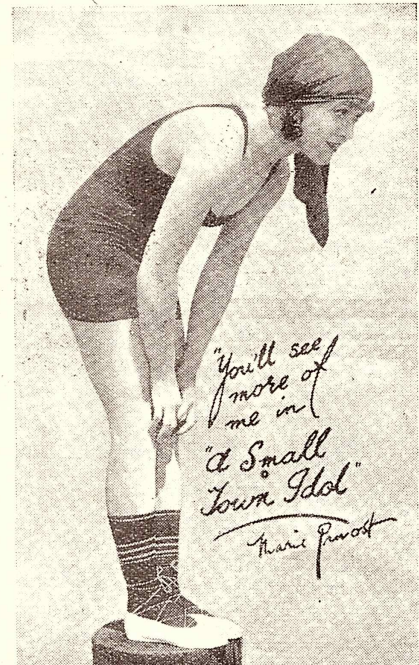
If a servant girl walks out with the postman, or walks off with her mistress's face-cream, some wretched magistrate is sure to observe that the girl was an habitue of the kinema. It never seems to occur to the intelligence of the said magistrate that the lady may be in love with the postman or that the lady would walk off with the face-cream as "innocently" as he would walk off with another man's matches. Twenty years ago the same old magisterial stick-in-the-mud would have pointed out that the poor girl was an insatiable reader of novelettes—hence her love for the postman and her partiality for cosmetics.

And then there is that eternal enigma, the small boy. Let him dare insert a French coin in an American slot machine in a British Dominion in order to satisfy his craving for Swiss chocolate—well, you can be quite certain that some silly ass will say that the kinema taught him the trick. The

small boy would be just as likely to do this on the way home from choir practice as on the way home from the kinema. Twenty years ago the same silly ass, or one like him, would have blamed the "penny dreadful."

In this connection I remember some words of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's which are so apposite that I cannot resist the temptation to quote them: "If some grimy urchin runs away with an apple, the magistrate shrewdly points out that the child's knowledge that apples appease hunger is traceable to some curious literary researches. The boys themselves, when penitent, frequently accuse the novelettes with great bitterness, which is only to be expected from young people possessed of no little native humour. If I had forged a will, and could obtain sympathy by tracing the incident to the influence of Mr. George Moore's novels, I should find the greatest entertainment in the diversion. At any rate, it is firmly fixed in the minds of most people that gutter-boys, unlike anybody else in the community find their principal motives for conduct in printed books." (These words were written in 1901, and it is almost unnecessary to point out how completely they support the point I have attempted to make). "Among these stories there are a certain number which deals sympathetically with the adventures of robbers outlaws, and pirates, which present in a dignified and romantic light thieves and murderers like Dick Turpin and Claude Duval. That is to say, they do precisely the same thing as Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Scott's *Rob Roy*, Byron's *Cor-sair*, Wordsworth's *Rob Roy's Grave*, Stevenson's *Macaire*, Max Pemberton's *Iron Pirate*, and a thousand more works distributed systematically as prizes and Christmas presents.

"Nobody imagines that an admiration of Locksley in *Ivanhoe* will lead a boy to shoot Japanese arrows at the deer in Newtown Park; no one thinks that the incautious opening of Wordsworth in the poem of *Rob Roy* will set him up for life as a blackmailer. In the case of our own class, we recognise that the wild life is contemplated with pleasure by the young, not because it is like their own life, but because it is different from it. It might at least cross our minds that, for whatever reason the errand boy reads *The Red Revenge*, it really is not because he is dripping with the gore of his own friends and relatives."



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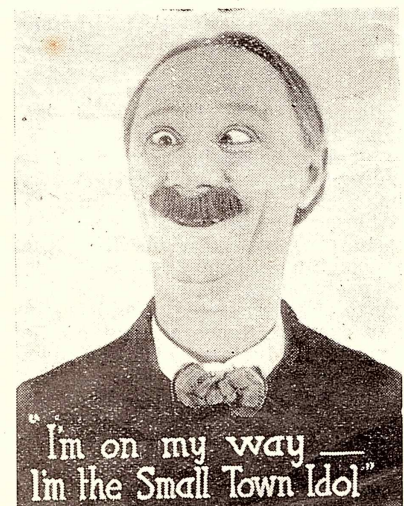
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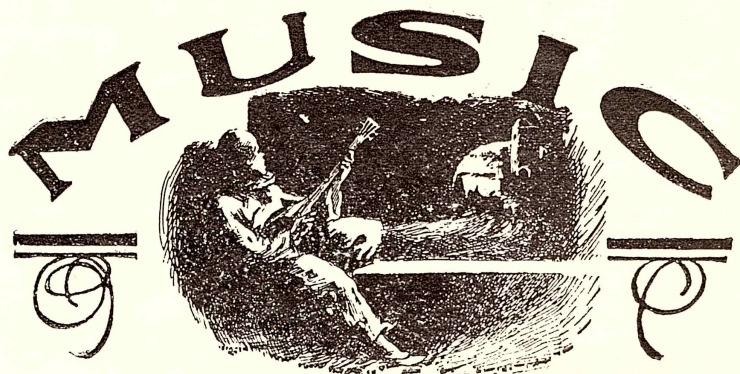
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HEIFETZ

Master Violinist.

A girl who was born in the same year as Jascha Heifetz came out of Auckland Town Hall the other night, together with thousands of others. Her grizzled father, with memories of twenty years of entertainment, said: "Well, Ruby, what do you think of him?" And Ruby replied: "He seems a lonely little fellow." Thoughts of this almost superhuman boy and his exquisite art will be lonely thought, too. It seems so futile to say that his bowing is superb, or his technique supreme or his arpeggios a revelation or his temperament wonderful. One might bathe oneself in all the cut and dried phrases of all the musical dictionaries and find nothing adequate. One wants to go and hide by oneself and think about this pale boy of twenty. Writer went lately to the window of a music shop and gazed at a violin. It was an expensive violin, as dead as a tramcar without electricity, a hollow piece of wood with strings stretched across it, an insensate machine that in the hands of millions of people has produced through the ages desolate shrieks and abominable noises. Fortified with the recollection of this inanimate article he afterwards saw such another in the small white hands of the pale, lonely boy. The attitude of the boy, the glittering reputation that has preceded him, his look of sad concentration, his smileless appearance of not belonging to his surroundings, his complete lack of gymnastics or tricks, produce a breathless silence even before he stirs to pulsing, glorious life the dead machine he adores. It would be a profanation to cough, and a crime to shuffle a foot. One has not felt so deep a silence as that of the few moments during which the town clock struck the hour of nine, the boy standing rapt and expressionless until what seemed an interference had ended. He played first the Handel Sonata in D Major, so beautiful, with such suave grace and with so complete and individual a mastery that the hundreds of groundling

musicians who listened to its marvels did actually gasp, so complete was their astonishment, delight, and worship. "Worship" is the word. One immediately forgets the machinery when Heifetz is playing, for the appeal of the boy is psychic. Before he had completed his noble performance, the rapt audience worshipped him as if he were a god, and the little pale god accepted the uncontrolled shouts of joy with a sort of sad and marble gratitude that was in



JASCHA HEIFETZ.

itself touching. He had already completed his perfect subjugation of the immense audience before he entered on the task of showing what Wieniawski meant by his Concerto in D Minor Op. 22. One knows that it is impetuous, warm, Slavonic; gems of melody threaded on a golden string, but it has remained for the wonderful pale boy to add facets to almost heavenly jewels and to make it a glittering wonder. One recognises so well that in the flawless execution of immortal music this boy has been a willing slave to practice, that he has attuned his mind to his wonderful hands, and has concentrated during his short life on perfect execu-

tion. His manipulation is often so surprising that those who hear and wonder chuckle, almost unbelieving. I daresay the "Ave Maria" of Schubert-Wilhelmj touched a deeper spot in the heart of that great audience than anything else he played, probably partly because of its greater familiarity and partly because of the wonderful dignity and devotional element infused into the noble number by the Master. The exquisite Minuet from Mozart is supremely designed for the most accurate manipulation. The young master infused into this great theme a delicacy and beauty that extorted shouts of delight from the people at his feet. He played also that extraordinary Chopin-Wilhemj Nocturne in D Minor, "and the night was full of stars," the love of little children, and the voices of mothers, and the Chorus of the Dervishes (Beethoven-Auer) transplanted the matter-of-fact citizens to stirring scenes and green oases, the sun on the sand and the light on the heart. Then he took us with Beethoven on the "Turkish March," and there were the moving troops and the glittering colours and life and death and eternity. And when it was all over the people lingered as people linger for a good-bye word and a wave of the hand and a tear for a loved one. It is so very wonderful that a boy whom the world loves should be "a lonely little fellow" wedded to a little wooden box with strings across it.

[Our Auckland contributor is a wizard. Heifetz is so lonely that he travels the whole of his family for company. No visiting artist has ever travelled Australasia with so large a personal entourage.]

An Inadequate Orchestra.

"Cello" writes:—"There was a time, a time for ever gone, when J. C. Williamson, Ltd., used to send real orchestras round with their Gilbert-Sullivan companies. Alas, it is not so to-day! In Leon Caron's day there were always 17 to 20 pieces in the orchestra in New Zealand, and they could play. I notice that the orchestra with the present company numbered exactly twelve, including a piano. Poor Sullivan would turn in his grave if he knew it. Not that the orchestra such as it was, was inefficient individually. I noticed several trusty old-timers among them, capable of doing the best work, among them Mr. Cane, a leader with the firm's orchestra for over twenty years, and Signor Bajo, best of clarinetists. In Sydney and Melbourne the orchestra numbered twenty-four, which is enough to present Sullivan in proper tone, but what can you do without a bassoon, without French horns, without a viola, and without second fiddles. Under the circumstances the orchestra did very well, but at the best it was a makeshift for the real thing. New Zealand, despite its loyalty to touring shows, does get it in the neck now and then."

Caruso Dead.

Caruso dead! It seems incredible that we should read one day of his leaving New York for Italy with the entourage of a King, and the next should hear of his death in the beloved place of his birth—Naples. Not only was Caruso the greatest tenor ever known in the world—accepted critics

wave of eager excited faces, the boxes sparkling with diamonds—set embroidery of the wealthiest and most beautiful women in the world; the orchestra of 120 pieces expectant; Toscanini smiling; the curtain—Caruso! Is it a man or a god that stands sturdily on the stage bowing to the

and faintest pianissimo. No singer could thrill like Caruso. There are Melbas, and Galli-Curcis, Schumann-Heinks, Mary Gardens, and Boncis, but great artists as they are, theirs was a class below the one and only Caruso. Caruso was twice married. His last venture into matrimony was in August, 1918, when he wedded Dorothy Benjamin, daughter of Mr. Park Benjamin, a New York lawyer. There has been one issue of the latest marriage. She is pictured elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Ernest Drake.

Mr. Ernest Drake dropped into Wellington the other day, and gave a concert on short notice in the big Town Hall. Some interest was manifested in the re-appearance of the ex-Dunedin-Auckland tenor, because reports have been circulated in the Dominion to the effect that Ernest had in a few months developed into one of the English tenors of the day. I went expectantly, and to tell the truth was disappointed; that is disappointed to find that the Rev. Mr. Askew, had gone rather too far in computing the vocal qualities of his friend. Mr. Drake was a good tenor when he left N.Z. two years ago; he returns a better one. That is something. He has more breadth and strength on top, and has learned much in the science of breathing that gives his work more finish. He has also polished his interpretive ability. On the other hand his tone has still that native huskiness, that I had hoped to see removed, which on some notes obtrudes like a double sound—a kind of husky whistle and the note itself. He sang with much grace and feeling such numbers as "Thy Tiny Hand is Frozen" from "Boheme," the beautiful aria from the last act of "La Tosca," "O Vision Entrancing" (mushy lyrics) "La Donna Mobile" and some ballads including two new ones, "Linden Lea" and "Mary O'Neil," the former a very pretty trifle, the latter somewhat tawdry in its sentiment. Now whilst the reports have stated that Mr. Drake was in the McCormack—Tom Burke class, Mr. Drake, who is modest and loveable, makes no such claim. I do not wish it to be understood that Mr. Drake has not progressed—he has considerably. Moreover he has made a place for himself in England which he can return to with confidence. It is the circulation of stories embodying unjustified comparisons that induces me to be frank in criticising Mr. Drake's voice. He is being assisted on tour by Miss Dorothy Baker, a clever but somewhat mechanical violinist; Molly Dixon, a soprano with a fine voice that needs considerable attention and refining, and Miss Clarice Wood, an accompanist and soloist, who is quite an able technician, but rather lacking nervous force or temperament, or both, to interest completely.



The Late ENRICO CARUSO,
With his Wife and Infant Daughter Gloria.

say greater than Mario or Tamagno—but he was an artist with fine dramatic instincts which made his work in grand opera memorable. What need to rehearse the many parts he played, the many audiences he thrilled in Europe and America. It is all so futile in the face of the appalling fact that this God-given voice has been cut off in its prime. A "Caruso night!" What memories it brings up—the towering galleries of the Metropolitan Opera House (New York), wave upon

multitude? To all appearances it is a rather stout, thick-necked, thick-shouldered man of medium height, with penetrating eyes, and an attitude of perfect confidence in himself. He sings—the man vanishes. It is, after all, a god! How else could such golden notes be produced? Up, up, up soars the voice, pure, breakless, from the chest, and when it seems that something must give, it floats upward once more, swells out ringingly, and then dies away into the softest

Melba

DAME MELBA, of lyric sopranos the marvel, had a wonderful send-off from London at the end of April. A great concert was arranged in the Albert Hall, which was attended by their Majesties, Princess Mary and the Duke of York. Melba is said to have entranced the huge audience with the enchantment of her singing. She is now in Sydney.

* * *

Sport and Art

THERE IS only one regret in the life of Mischa Levitzki, the world-famed young Russian pianist, and that is, that he has had to forego his love for sport. "When I was a boy," says Levitzki, "I much preferred playing baseball to playing the piano. I was very keen on sport then, and I am so still. But unfortunately my profession prevents me engaging in it. It has been the greatest sacrifice I have had to make for my part. Once I burst a finger seriously while playing baseball, and at another time I injured a finger while bicycle riding. Then I determined to cut out sport; too much depended upon keeping my hands free from injury. Even tennis, I find, interferes with my piano playing."

* * *

Dame Clara Butt

DAME CLARA BUTT, England's big voiced contralto, will arrive in Australia in October on another gold-gathering mission. Clara must have a bank-roll as big as her voice. One English paper recently said, "Dam Clara Butt"—but the writer did not mean it that way.

* * *

Mascagni's New Opera

IN HIS NEW opera, "The Little Marat," Mascagni has scored his greatest success since the early days of "Cavalleria Rusticana." On the opening night in Rome, in May, despite the fact that prices ranged from £1 to £16 a seat, even standing room was taken days before, while it is probable that Rome has not seen such a gathering of aristocracy since the beginning of the century (observes a Rome correspondent), Mascagni himself was called before the curtain no fewer than thirty times, and seemed to enjoy the new triumph just as much as when a year ago he offered to write a battle hymn for the Italian Communists.

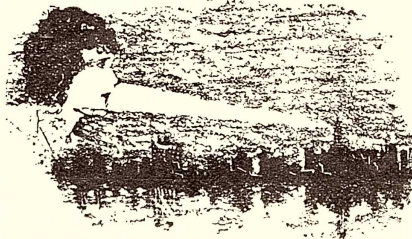
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The Caruso Family.

By kind permission of the "Talkeries" (that up-to-date gramophone business in Willis street, Wellington), we are enabled to publish in this issue the very latest and most interesting portrait of the late Enrico Caruso, the greatest tenor the world has ever known. Some weeks ago, the "Talkeries" sent to America for a selection of photographs of all the great vocal and instrumental stars, and these came to hand at the beginning of the month, so that we have been indeed fortunate in securing this latest and most excellent portrait of Caruso, his wife (nee Miss Dorothy Benjamin, of New York), and the baby, Gloria.

Now the only possible way of hearing the great departed will be through the medium of the gramophone. At the "Talkeries" there are to be obtained still some of the finest records made by Caruso, and as these are likely to be rushed, those whose libraries do not contain a full selection of Caruso records should lose no time in sending in their orders.

MR. LEN BARNES, the ex-Wellington baritone, who is now firmly fixed in San Francisco, writes that he recently figured for nine nights as Sir Roderick Murgatroyd in "Ruddigore," one of the best of Gilbert-Sullivan operas that the Firm has never given us. The Wellington amateurs played it years ago under the direction of the late Mr. W. D. Lyon, and a very excellent performance it was. It was the one occasion on which Mr. E. J. Hill has been called upon to dance a hornpipe, and he did it to the manner born.



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Turns of the Month.

THE GIRTON College Girls (3) are vital sprites in a bicycle act which is vimful throughout. Analysed, perhaps they do nothing very new, but that doesn't matter—its the way they do it. There's not a dull moment in their act for which the Lord be thanked.

LAURA GUERITE has "vaudeville" stamped all over her. She is a seasoned player, sure of herself and of her grip, and her record alone compels your interest in her as a performer. In some numbers she is excellent, but there is curious unevenness in her work. Not infrequently she falls below the standard, particularly when the metallic in her is uppermost. In her second week she introduced a song on N.Z., which is not far removed from the banal, and doesn't help her turn.

WALTER JOHNSON'S revue company now is in Wellington. Despite several changes in personnel the show still wilts for lack of comedy. Johnson takes pains with his productions, and within his narrow limits the stage effects he secures are good, but this does not make up for the comedy weakness. Then, too, it looks as if he does not make altogether the best use of his material. Kennedy Allen was a singing comedian when with the Ada Reeve Company, but he did not open his mouth in the first Wellington production; also in the first three weeks. Daisy Yates, a dancer when with J. C. W., was utilized to any extent in one place only. Why? Daisy Yates is fairly satisfying, Anita Green helps, Georgie de Lara is responsible for quite good character work, and the improving Yorke Gray is not an unpleasant circumstance. Kennedy Allen, no doubt, does his best, but the laughs he gets are not uproarious.

NEWMAN AND WYNNE, "direct from London," are quarrelling over "arf a quid I lent yer bruvver" at the Opera House, Christchurch. After Newman, who in approved style has trouble with his pipe, has struck 23 matches and rubbed the sandpaper off the box, they wax sentimental and "forget abart the 'arf quid."

PHILLIP NEWBURY, £500 the richer because a critic likened his voice to that of a "trussed turkey's," sings a paeon of praise in Christchurch. Phillip, jubilant, I do not greatly object to, but when he switches and descends to bathos I, and quite a lot of others, stir uneasily in our seats. Anyway, apart from vocal expression, why should it be necessary in a ballad to demonstrate sadness by the gestures that used to be associated with the visit of the wronged heroine, in a heavy snow storm, outside the old church door. Phillip, you know better than that.

FULLER PATRONS will soon see George Storey again. The recovery of the popular comedian, who was badly injured in a motor car accident in Christchurch four months ago, has been slow. With Dulcie Milner, he was to have appeared at Christchurch Opera House, on August 2, but a slight set back in health postponed his re-appearance for three weeks or so.

BY THE WAY: Charles Delevale, who filled the vacancy with Walter George's sunshine players necessitated through Storey's accident, apparently did not fully take the little Englishman's place. The season of the company in Adelaide was not an unqualified success. The sunshiners have now moved to Melbourne where Gerald, of Jennings and Gerald ("The new recruit") has greatly strengthened the company. It is now doing fairly well.

JENNY HARTLEY, most petite and shapely of pantomime boys, has left J. C. W., and is now back to her first love—Vaudeville—at the Tivoli Theatre.



MISS NELLIE BRAMLEY,

The favourite heroine of Fuller's Dramatic Coy., recently in Auckland, and now in Melbourne, where she first became the idol of melodrama patrons. In private life, Miss Bramley is the wife of Mr. W. F. Russell, one of J.C.W.'s most popular managers.

tre, Sydney. We can expect her shortly, as she has been booked for the Fuller circuit.

* * *

DICKY GARDNER (why Dicky?) of Gardner and Revere is still on the Fuller Circuit. What a find he is, and what an unusual gift he possesses—that of creating comedy out of the commonplaces, as well as of the strengths, of the others in the show. He is the brightest circumstance that has happened Fullerwards for a long time. I enjoy every minute of him—so do the orchestra men, so what more can be said.

* * *

THE REV. FRANK GORMAN had a wonderful send-off at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, on Saturday and Sunday evenings (July 23 and 24), when he did his last "turn" and delivered his last address in Dunedin. Six weeks he was here on this occasion, and his five Sunday addresses realised something like £200 for various social institutions. He had an audience of 2000 on the final Sunday, who sang "God be with you" a dozen times before allowing him to leave the stage; and a good third of whom repaired to the stage entrance for a parting cheer. No Fuller artist has gained like personal ascendancy over his audiences.

* * *

THE COURTNEYS are the applause hit of the current bill at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin. Mr. "C.," who is indefatigable in the composition of topical matter, cleverly flagellates everything and everyone of note in the never-ending "I would still love you" ditty. Now embalmed in this song is the incautious, anonymous wowser who, in the newspaper controversy referred to in another column, characterised one of his quips as calculated to bring the blush of shame to a girl's cheek—

"If the lines that I've been singing Start some wowser off mud-slinging, I would still love you.

If these lines should make him shirty Then his mind indeed is—lovely;

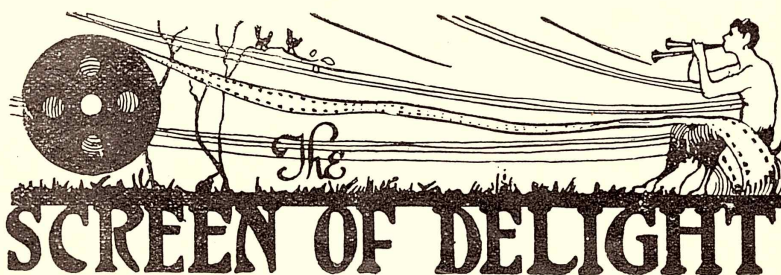
But I'll still love you!"

The Henri Marcelle Company.

Unexpectedly, Henri Marcelle, supported by a strong company of twelve acts just arrived from America, plays a season at the Grand Opera House, Wellington, on the 13th August. A comprehensive tour of the Dominion is to follow.

The English Pierrots.

Usually this delightful little band cheer the winter hours in Wellington with a long season at the Concert Chamber. This year, however, they made a comprehensive and extraordinarily successful tour of the Dominion, and Wellington is, unfortunately, limited to a week at the Grand Opera House, commencing on Saturday, the 20th August.



Pictures of the Month.

"50,000 Miles with the Prince of Wales" in Auckland.

The heir to the British throne was plastered with flour soup, shaved with a wooden razor, pushed into six feet of water, seized by four most pernicious villains and dumped with great vigour in the Auckland Town Hall lately. Besides the amusing capers of Jack Tar there are fifty thousand miles of travel in the official film of the Prince's great Imperial tour. One supposes that the New Zealand copy of the film is specially designed for New Zealand. At anyrate it gives greater "space" to Maoriland than to any of the Australian colonies, and Queensland is left out altogether. The unique historic gatherings held to celebrate the visit of the Prince are exceedingly good and it again occurs to one that New Zealand is specially adapted for sharp and accurate moving photography. The great film is deftly strung together. The connecting legends have been done by people who have been to school and the absence of words like "thru," "traveler," "sox," "jewelry" and so forth lead one to the supposition that Los Angeles has had nothing to do with it. This film is fair honest British "propaganda of the eye." Not the sort of stuff that will make a British person break out into a perspiration of skite, but a film that shows him, without camouflage, the sort of Empire left to him in the last wills and testaments of his forefathers. I haven't said much about the picture itself, have I? Well a fellow can't write a description of Melbourne and Sydney and Hobart and the Basin Reserve, Auckland Domain, Table Bay or Honolulu. If you have passed the fifth standard in the movie school, you'll have to see this film before getting a sixth certificate.

* * *

Dickens on the Screen.

"Jarndyce" writes:—So you hope that someday some American movie producers will show poor old England how to present Dickens on the screen. Very well then, I'll get a good company of Cockney costers from Whitechapel to teach the Yanks how to play "The Last of the Mohicans"—sure thing. But seriously nobody can ever present the Dickens immortals. If Dickens were alive poor chap he would die of chagrin at seeing a re-creation of his famous grotesques and the en-

deavour to enter up the psychology of his deathless creations on the white rag. The only Dickens stories I have seen on the screen have been profanations. Although Dickens is sold more profusely in Yankeeland than even in England, where he is still "the best seller," American presentation of English life and character is always bizarre. I remember a highly excellent redblood Yank company playing "The Squaw Man" and other typical and splendid plays which were purely American. But the same company put on a dramatisation of Ouida's "Under Two Flags," and the man (Rapley Holmes) who had been "Big Bill" became a military aristocrat, with absurd results. I suppose that if Big Bill played Sir Leicester Dedlock in "Bleak House" on the screen, one might forget that Sir Leicester was speaking through his nose and guessing and cackling in his ancestral halls. I saw that excellent American actor Farnum play a Yankee version of incidents in "A Tale of Two Cities." It was in most essentials a notable performance, but if one had not been told that Farnum was doing Sydney Carton, not a soul on earth would have known. No movie show will ever show us either the great Dickens grotesques or be able to interpret in any one thousand yards of film what the immortal Charles could write on one's heart in a single page. God forbid that I should ever lacerate the memory of any of his characters by seeing them come out of their bindings. I'd rather have a dog-eared copy of "Pickwick" than see a million dollar film of anything the Master had written.

* * *

"The Last of the Mohicans"

Very likely the most compelling picture of the month seen in Auckland was Maurice Tournier's adaption of Fenimore Cooper's violent story "The Last of the Mohicans." It is poignant and primal almost beyond words, for in it the insensate fury of the red man is exhibited with a mordant frankness that afterwards makes one wonder as one returns to the street why anyone wears a scalp, why someone doesn't drag the children from the prams and tomahawk them, or carefully murder and incinerate their mothers. The picture was shown to many thousands at the Strand Theatre and they watched with staring eyes the unfolding of that dreadful piece of history, which tells of the villainies of the red men

under Montcalm, the trials of the English garrisons and the intolerable barbarities of the cruellest people who ever lived. It is noticeable in this picture, which is crammed with tremendous incident played in noble surroundings, that none of the redskins are really truly reds. The sainted "friendly" young chief (I forget his name) is so obviously the child of Irish parents that he doesn't quite "get" you, but he is a notable screen fighter, and puts up a scrap with another cullud gent on the top of a high cliff that is perfectly wonderful. For one city councillor to push another off the top of the Wellington Town Hall to the pavement below would be a mere trifle in comparison. The people chosen to portray the characters of French and English notables have been roped in for their truth to phy-

a fine play that has never been seen in this country. It was capitally played throughout, and I found Miss Young's art as convincing as ever, but there was no doubt at any point that it was Pinero's "Americanised." The gorgeous interiors, the overdressing on the part of the women, the luxurious cafe scenes, the way the men wore their clothes, and the cut of the same, was as American as could be. The story is a strong one of that middle period in married life, when romance is ended and common sense should prevail instead of fads and temper. Pinero has treated the subject with masterly skill. Clara gets a great chance to wear some stunning frocks, and acts with clean conviction. Mr. Glendon was hardly interesting as her opposite—there was a lack of refinement in his work.

* * *

"The Heart o' the Hills"

Mary Pickford has come back to us, as she always does, in a most stimulating and engrossing picture, entitled "Heart o' the Hills." In this rugged story of Kentucky's untamed and largely unwashed people, Mary returns with her abounding youth, her luminous eyes, and desirable mouth, to charm the heart of everyone as only the one Mary Pickford can do. In this picture she is an ill-used, ill-kempt tomboy, not of her own will, but a vagrant, little, warm-hearted, wild-tempered soul as free and clean as the mountain wind. Her Mavis Hawn will rank among her best roles. She is the daughter of a drab and vicious woman, who, to Mavis's disgust, marries one of her own kind, a dirty, scurvy knave, who only does it to get hold of her bit of land (which bears coal), and sell it to wealthy intruders. Mavis is turned out of her shanty by Saunders, the scoundrel who has bought the land for a song, and she rouses up her people to drive the man from the hills. There is a night ride, a la Ku Klux Klan, with Mavis among them, a brief parley, and Saunders is shot. Mary is seen hiding her riding kit, and is accused of the murder. The trial is a delightfully-worked scene, with Mary in many "close-ups," and a counsel that openly accuses her of being the only possible murderer. Finally he sits down confident that he has "hanged her," and the jury is called on for its verdict. The foreman says Mavis could not be guilty, for he himself fired the fatal shot. Another jurymen calls the foreman a liar, because he had fired the deadly shot. Other jurymen claim the honour, and from the body of the court arise the hoarse cries of many self-accusers. The bewildered judge has to acquit, and Mary goes forth. Later she repairs to the lower Blue Grass to imbibe a little learning, and there sees something of the better life, and makes a 'mash,' but a letter from her ageing mother recalls her to the grime and soddiness of her mountain home, where, after



H. B. WARNER,

In "One Hour Before Dawn," yields to the hypnotist to prove a theory.

sical and facial type which is a thing the American producers do not always do. For instance one often sees an actor who ought to be keeping a wheel stall, appearing as an admiral, a general or a "milord," but in this Mohican film everybody looks like the 'pukka' article. At a rough estimate I should say there were fifteen hundred casualties by violence in the picture, and since a boy friend of mine saw it, he has scalped everything in sight with a wooden knife. As one feels one's unadorned pate, one wonders what the redskins used to do about a baldheaded man.

* * *

"Mid-Channel"

No matter how they try American players do not, evidently, cannot, suggest the English air when playing in what is essentially an English play. The other evening I saw Clara Kimball Young in Pinero's "Mid-Channel,"

NOW TOURING THE DOMINION!

Messrs. J. C. Williamson, Ltd., has much pleasure in announcing the presentation of

A SEASON OF BRILLIANT COMEDIES,

With

JOHN D. O'HARA

And

JULES JORDAN

AND

A STRONG SUPPORTING CAST

In the Play that Brought Real Laughter to All Australia—

"WELCOME STRANGER"

THE SECOND PRODUCTION

Will be

"THREE WISE FOOLS"

(With the Woman Who Made Them Wiser),

And

JOHN D. O'HARA

As the Wisest Fool of Them All.

A Gripping Comedy-Drama.

Besides its strong vein of sentiment and tender touches, it has infectious humour, clever characterisation, and many dramatic moments. The interest of the story rises to a compelling climax.

THE THIRD PRODUCTION

Will also Strike You as being a Welcome Return.

JOHN D. O'HARA

In

"LIGHTNIN'"

NOTE THE TOURING DATES—

HAMILTON—August 16.
WANGANUI—August 18 and 19.
STRATFORD—August 20.
HAWERA—August 22.
PALMERSTON NORTH—August 23 and 24.
HASTINGS—August 25.
NAPIER—August 26 and 27.
DANNEVIRKE—August 29.
MASTERTON—August 30.
CHRISTCHURCH—Sept. 1 to 14.
DUNEDIN—Sept. 15 to 20.
INVERGARGILL—Sept. 22 and 23.
ASHBURTON—Sept. 24.
TIMARU—Sept. 26 and 27.
WELLINGTON—Sept. 29 to Oct. 12.

ALEC. WILSON, Manager.

shooting her step-father (who was the murderer of her real father), when in the act of strangling her mother, she finds happiness with her old-time mountain sweetheart. One of the most exhilarating scenes is the "shindy-dig," a fiercely hilarious competition in dancing a la Kentucky. Mary as Mavis is as sweet and girlishly fascinating as ever. She has been too long off the local screens.

Anticipations of Picture Features.

[Under this heading we endeavour to give readers and exhibitors an outline of the best picture features about to be released, the details being secured from the most reliable sources available.—Editor "N. Z. T. and M. P."]

Capture of the Holy Land.

Mr. Lawson Harris, formerly of Los Angeles, was in Melbourne last month making arrangements to include in a motion picture drama those momentous episodes which led to the capture of Jerusalem, and in which Australian soldiers played so prominent a part. Mr. Harris has secured a scenario, written by Albert Goldie and Dulcie Deamer, which deals with the romantic aspects of the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, thus fulfilling the prophecies of the Scriptures. Many of the scenes of the picture will be filmed in Melbourne, the remainder in Palestine. Miss Marie Pavis, an American actress, has been engaged as leading lady. The other artists will be Australians.

"Two Kinds of Love"

"Two Kinds of Love," the widely discussed Universal feature, comes heralded as one of the fastest (we think the censor will pass it, nevertheless) dramatic screen offerings of the year. The story is wrapped around the fortunes of a girl who takes her

invalid brother and his baby son into the mountains of California. They seek shelter in the deserted cabin of a miner who was sent to the penitentiary for the murder in the wide open days of the gold rush, a few years before the opening of the screen story. How the girl outwits the sordid plot of a man to wrong her and how she restores happiness and gains riches for her brother through sheer goodness is forcefully depicted. The scenes are set in St. Gabriel canyon in California, and a series of picturesque and rugged locations mark the effective result.

"The Forest on the Hill"

"The Forest On the Hill" is a Hepworth production adapted from Eden Phillpott's Novel of the same name, and is particularly noticeable for its portrayal of English rural life. The natural acting of Alma Taylor, supported by Gerald Ames, both extremely popular English stars, will no doubt command full appreciation. The story centres around Dartmoor and Exeter, where two old farmers plan to make their respective farms one, through the marriage of their heirs. The daughter of one farmer is apparently willing, but the nephew of the other has other plans, having fallen in love with a beautiful country girl, whose gentle nature has caused him to entirely change his views of the fair sex. The various complications which follow are handled with cleverness. An outstanding feature of this picture is the fine photography, practically the whole of which is scenic.

"The Unknown Wife"

Here we have Edith Roberts as the innocent girl who loved and believed in a criminal, and Casson Ferguson as the cringing criminal who reforms and becomes a man, and incidentally a husband. Donald Grant just released from gaol goes to Camsdenville six hours out of New York and boards

with Helen Wilburton, who is unaware of his past. Helen used to work in the local felt factory, on which Donald has evil designs, but her father becomes ill and she leaves the factory to take in boarders. Later, Helen's father dies, Donald drops his designs, marries Helen, and they go to New York. Hounded by the police Donald finds it hard to get work, so Helen secures a position as Secretary to a wealthy woman, whose nephew—John Mayberry, a prominent lawyer—lives with her. John is attracted by Helen's beauty, and one day not knowing that she is married takes the liberty of calling on her address. He is astonished when Donald, alias "The Kid" whom he assisted in sending to Prison answers the door. Helen confesses that she is married, and the two men exchange glances, but Mayberry does not expose Donald. He asks Donald to call on him the next day, when he tells him that if he goes straight he will not interfere with him. Donald promises, but just as he retires to his room, one of his old confederates, who is being pursued by the police and has been wounded, staggers into the room. Donald hides him, and when the police come, insists that the fugitive is not there, in which statement he is backed up by Helen. The police leave. Unfortunately the fugitive is caught and shot by the police, as he attempts to escape. His dying words to Donald are "Honesty is the best policy." As the police forgave Donald he has a chance to put it into practice, and as for Helen—well, she is not going to allow the police to outdo her.

"The Victim"

"The Victim" is an unusually powerful story of the inviolability of the Catholic Confessional. It deals with the story of a priest, on whose doorstep is found the body of a friend, murdered with a knife belonging to the Priest. When the Police approach, the real murderer rushes to the priest



BERTINI in a typical role in "The Poison Mood."

and makes a confession to him. Bound by honour and his faith not to disclose what is told him in the confessional the priest allows himself, on circumstantial evidence, to be taken to the electric chair, and then there comes a point in the story of great dramatic intensity.

* * *

"The Woman Untamed"

Perhaps no other picture released in previous years has featured such dancing as is perpetuated by Doraldina in her latest production, "The Woman Untamed." She is aided and abetted by Jay Morley, as an American sportsman, who lands for a few hours hunting on a Cannibal Island in the South Seas, an atmosphere made forever vivid and alluring by Robert Louis Stevenson and Jack London.

Doraldina as "Nasoni," and her manner of landing among the man-eating savages of this island (a hell-hearted, man-killing first mate of a rum-laden ship sweeps the deck with mutiny and ruin and the one girl on board chooses her chances with the cruel sea rather than face the clutches of the beast), and her strange influences over them pave the way to the heart of a strange romance.

* * *

"If Only Jim"

"Universal" tells us that this is just the sort of picture that has made Harry Carey's name world-famous, yet it is entirely different from anything he has done before. "If Only Jim" is a vigorous, healthy out-of-doors production, human and dramatic.

Here's the story:—In all the Mining Camp of Borealis, Jim Golden was the most chronically tired man, yet there was one thing that would cause him to move faster than a shuffle, and that was the approach of Miss Dot Denniham, the Post-mistress, and the only decent woman in the camp. Miss Dot often scolded him for his worthlessness, but Jim consistently came back with one or the other of his excuses, which always commenced with "If only," or something like it. One day Jim set out with the idea of going on a rabbit drive, but as usual, he arrived on the reservation when all was over, and then sat down to rest. He hears a child crying, and when he locates the youngster, finds the youngster doesn't know where he came from. Jim takes the child to his cabin, and decides to bring him up. All goes well until one day the child falls ill. Jim had twenty-four hours to do certain legal assessment work on his claim but, instead, he rides all night and the following day to get a doctor whilst Miss Dot attends to the child in Jim's cabin. Her presence there all night leads to a scandal. The child recovers, but when Jim goes to his cabin he finds that some of his former associates have jumped it. In a terrific fight he outclasses the whole crowd and then retires to his cabin. Here Parky is interfering with Miss Dot,

but Jim thrashes him in a manner befitting his crime. But Jim has not lost his "If only" habit, and the picture closes with Jim saying to Miss Dot, "If only I had a ring."

* * *

"Life"

In "Life," a U. C. I. production, adapted from Paul Bourget's famous novel "Cosmopolis," we have a picture which has been claimed as a screen classic. Mina D'Orvella, that fine Italian actress and Continental favourite creates a lasting impression as Alba the daughter of Countess Steno. Although living in an atmosphere of vicious passions she believes the whole world to be pure. One can imagine her feelings when she learns, through a hideously effective subterfuge, that her own mother is not the worthily beautiful object of her wor-



SYLVIA BREMER

Displays one of the beautiful frocks she wears in "Respectable by Proxy."

ship. Amidst gorgeous settings, and wonderfully gowned, Mina has given to the world of picture lovers the triumph of her career. Scenes of old Rome, a duel, and a general shuffle of husbands and wives all go to make the picture vividly interesting.

* * *

"One Hour Before Dawn"

When a man uses his brain to arrive at a conclusion, a woman uses her intuition. Instinctively she knows or feels that which a man reaches only through logical reasoning. But the mystery of "One Hour Before Dawn," in which H. B. Warner starred will baffle a man's brain and defy a woman's intuition.

"One Hour Before Dawn" is far from being the usual type of murder mystery, for herein hypnotism plays a prominent part. The question of whether or not H. B. Warner, as the hero, committed the murder while under a hypnotic spell, keeps the audience guessing at every turn.

It is a picture for the sceptic, for it deals with the subject of hypnotism in a manner that is convincing and illuminating.

SOUTH ISLAND TOUR

— Of —

"CHU CHIN CHOW"

"CHU CHIN CHOW"

Under the Direction of J. C. Williamson, Ltd.

THE
WORLD'S
MOST GORGEOUS
STAGE SPECTACLE

"CHU CHIN CHOW"

"CHU CHIN CHOW"

Resplendent with

BEWITCHING EASTERN CHARM

And

ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR.

Presented with a Strong Cast,
Including,—

Arthur Styan,
Charles A. Workman,
Pearl Ladd,
Helen Temple,
Gerald K. Soupar,
Lottie Sergeant,

And Maggie Moore.

Under the stage direction of Robert Greig.

TOURING DATES.

CHRISTCHURCH SEASON:

Friday, 12th August, to Wednesday,
24th August, inclusive.

DUNEDIN SEASON—

26th August to 2nd September,
inclusive.

TIMARU — 5th and 6th September.

J. FARRELL,
Manager.



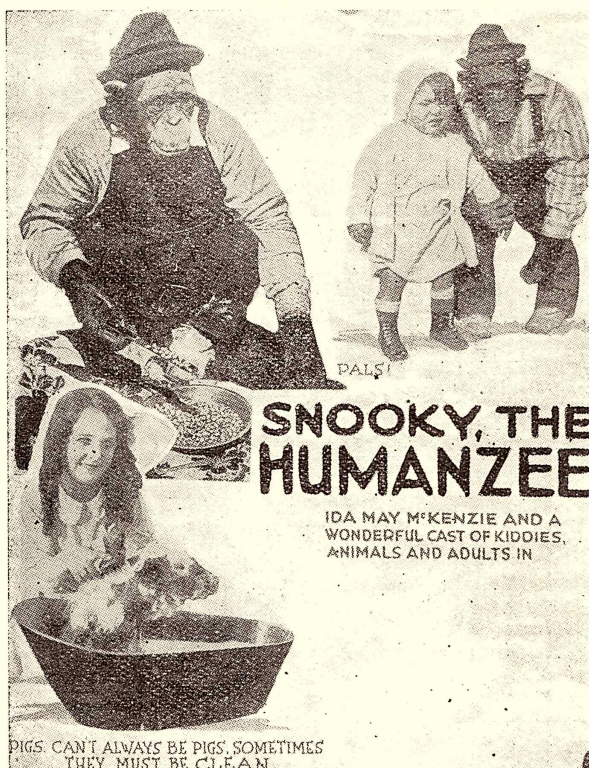
The
Little Coon
who puts the coloring into
ROLIN Comedies

"FILM
HOUSE"
PICK
OF
THE
WORLD'S
BEST
PROGRAMMES

The Two Reel Comedy

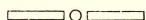
In trade phraseology the comedy is described as "Support," and one has only to refer to any well-thumbed dictionary to find the meaning. Support to the star feature—an additional element of amusement, given in to make good measure on a programme. So far, so good; but how many comedies really do support the star feature? How many of them are so deplorably uninteresting and void of humour, that they are greeted in stony silence and the audience merely fidgets and wishes devoutly that something interesting or amusing would come on the screen?

But there are many comedies that really do support the star feature, just as there are comedies that even outshine it by reason of their particular merit in production or star. Who will deny that the comedies produced by Harold Lloyd, the Carter de Heavens, Christie's, Mack Sennett, the Pathe and Rolin comedies (you remember—that funny little coon who is so old fashioned and grown-up in spite of his size and age), do not in every way furnish support to any star film, and are eagerly looked for by the audience, so that they become a valuable adjunct to a programme.



There are comedies that attract immense audiences by reason of their merit alone—for example any of Chaplin's or Larry Semon's comedies have their own special following, and the theatre that shows them naturally reaps the benefit of its perspicuity; for after all, amusement is a trading business and the purchaser of amusement will go to the market where he will obtain the best value for his money.

The moral of all this is simple—paragonise the theatre that screens the "Film House" programme, for on that programme you will find not only the pick of the world's star features, but also the pick of the world's greatest laughter-producers—in fact all the elements that go to make perfect entertainment.



How often one hears this conversation in connection with some picture show:

"What did you see?"

"Oh, Bill Tart in 'The Bloodstained Lariat'—not bad."

"WHAT ELSE DID YOU SEE?"

"OH, JUST A COMEDY!"

That's it—Just a comedy. That is the verdict so often heard.

That means that the comedy they have just witnessed has been poor, trite and commonplace, sans merit, sans production, sans everything—fit only to be classified as "Just a comedy." The sole purpose of the comedy, to provide light relief, and to "support" the star feature has been completely missed.

But — there are comedies and comedies, and it is just that remark that is never heard in connection with a "Film House" Programme, because the comedy is considered by Film House as just as important as the star feature. Consequently their Comedies are carefully selected from the very best that are produced.

Now have a look round the illustrations on these two pages. You'll see the greatest comedy kings here, Charlie Chaplin, Larry Semon, Jimmie Aubrey, Harold Lloyd, Snooky the Marvellous Humanzee, the Christie Girls, not to forget the Mack Sennett beauties, and the Carter de Havens.

All of these fun makers are contributing week by week to the success of the "Film House" Programme, and you never hear the words "just a comedy" used by any delighted patron who has visited a theatre which screens it.



Comedy Kings and Queens

"FILM HOUSE", THE WORLD'S BEST PROGRAMMES



Larry Semon

"A Small Town Idol"

"A Small Town Idol" has all the well-known Sennett players in its cast, including Ben Turpin, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Charlie Murray in the leading roles. In the first eight-reel production Sennett has turned out, he has provided authentic interest in addition to his comedy situations.

Spectacle and thrills add their attractions to "A Small Town Idol." The biggest scene that Mack Sennett has devised, and one of the largest that has ever been filmed, is flashed on the screen. In this a multitude of girls, who conform in every respect to the famous Sennett specifications for beauty and figure, appear in oriental costumery in a large and magnificent "set."

Ben Turpin is the "idol" indicated by the title. That is, he ultimately proves himself such, after a series of tremendously comic, not to mention some serious situations. In the early scenes Turpin is hero of the track and as jockey rides his mount to victory.

* * *

"The Leopard Woman"

Possibly no other player in all filmdom was so ideally suited as House Peters for



LARRY SEMON.

Read round his face, but don't say it aloud.

the character of John Culbertson in J. Parker Read, Jr.'s adaptation of Stewart Edward White's novel "The Leopard Woman" starring Louise Glaum. Mr. Peters is familiar with every bit of the African locale described in White's book, and was of great assistance to the research department during the filming of this production.

House Peters spent many years on the dark continent. His experiences were both colourful and thrilling. Starting out as the star at the head of his own dramatic company, the popular actor wound up in the Kimberley diamond mine region, where he prospected for precious gems. Peters is the typical soldier of fortune. His role in "The Leopard Woman" could not have been more to his liking if it had been specifically written for him. Consequently he gives in "The Leopard Woman" one of the most capable performances of his long and successful career.

Louise Glaum, star of "The Leopard Woman," was the only member of the fair sex in the party with the exception of her maid.

* * *

"Nineteen and Phyllis"

That Charles Ray is absolutely impartial

as to the merits of the original story compared with those of successful stage plays and books for screen use is demonstrated by his latest production, "Nineteen and Phyllis," an original story from the pen of Frederick Stowers, and the film which has been made from it is declared to be one of the very best in which Ray is starred. "Whether a screen story is an original or an adaption does not matter," says Ray. "The main consideration is that it must have those qualities which are essential to the production of a good photoplay."

Clara Horton, the demure sixteen-year-old miss who plays opposite Charles Ray is the youngest girl who has ever been chosen to appear opposite a male star.

"A Country Girl."

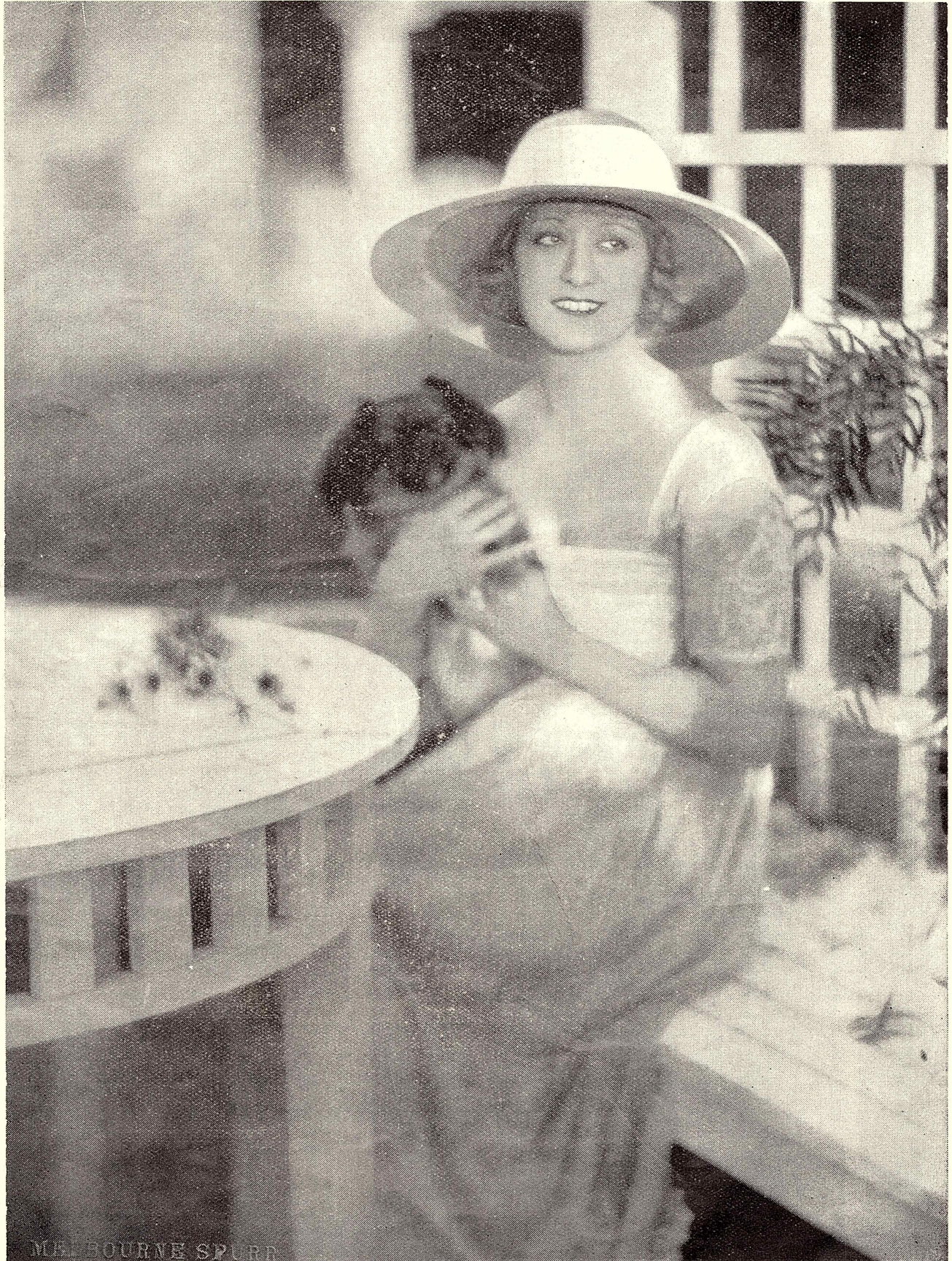
If "A Country Girl" didn't sparkle quite as of yore, its presentment in Christchurch quite appreciably lightened the dullness that oftentimes presses upon the city of the plains. The principals were not as even a lot as in "Paul Jones," the previous production of the Christchurch Operatic Society, but the more modern "A Country Girl" was the greater financial success. Veteran Tom Pollard, the producer, had quite a lot of the pretty girls that may be noticed in Christchurch by the observant, to weld into the chorus. Some of them have voices, too, and so Monckton's music—which, by the way, in "A Country Girl" is not his best—was heard to advantage on the purely choral side. The general work of the chorus was, indeed, very fair. I would have liked to have seen slightly more originality in the dances and groupings, but then the public, or a big section thereof, does not altogether enjoy a departure from tradition on the part of amateurs. It likes to be in a position to make comparisons. This is the amateur's burden, the—but I wax warm. Suffice to say that the whole production ran along well-defined grooves. Of the principals the most consistent work was given by the ladies. As was expected, Miss Millicent Jennings, whose song recitals are always an artistic treat, was a strength on the vocal side in the role of the Amorous Princess. She suited the character in other respects, and gave a finished performance, though why she in common with the Rajah, failed to give the Hindu touch to her make-up was a mystery. Miss Clifford, of Wellington, was to have played Sophie, but her illness necessitated Mrs. J. Hulme filling the breach. Mrs. Hulme, better known under her professional name of Eva Moore, helped to lift matters appreciably. Mrs. Hulme has ease, grace and repose, and these combined to make the character stand out. A greater comedy strength might have been gained by making more apparent the struggle between the social aspirations of the little milliner and her fondness for Barry, the man servant, but Mrs. Hulme scored heavily in other directions. Barry, the irrepressible, the droll, who blunders and plots in happy fashion,

is a character that breezily interpreted, cannot fail to hit. On Barry everything hinges. So in the success of the season Mr. Frank McDonald can claim a share—not such a big one though that the original comedian in the society, Mr. Lyllelton who is now in Dunedin, could have secured. Mr. McDonald has pomposity of style; a mannerism that somewhat assisted however when Barry impersonates a woman. In this period of the play he was at his best, although a little more light and shade, and less suggestion of a pantomime dame, would have improved matters. A suggestion of dialect was lacking. It would have greatly helped, particularly in the first act. The most convincing performance on the male side was given by Mr. G. M. Hall as Sir Joseph Verity. Mr. Hall, brother of, and in style reminiscent of, Winter Hall of movie fame, had the initial handicap that physically he did not fit in with the idea of the character—the casting generally could have been much improved—but he has force, personality, and ability. The most promising performer the society has yet produced is Miss Madge Wilson, and she improved on previous performances in the role of Nan. With charm and temperament and the faculty of sustained artistic expression, Miss Wilson should go far. A promising debut was made in "Paul Jones" by Miss Annie Moir but as Marjorie in the present production she was disappointing. A pretty voice, a pretty face—Miss Moir seems to be content with these. When posing as a country girl, surely Marjorie, the actress, would have assumed rustic airs and dialect; and dressed as the other wenches? There was also no attempt to reveal the actress. Mr. Frank Morrison was also disappointing as Geoffrey Challoner. Although he suffered from a cold his singing was still a pleasure—his voice is particularly pleasant and melodious—but he has failed to eliminate some extraordinary mannerisms. He also lacked robustness. Mr. T. M. Charters has the vocal and physical equipment for the Rajah, but he lacks experience in other respects. The designing Mrs. Quinton-Raikes was a rather cold and distant person as portrayed by Mrs. D. Penlington. Mr. W. Searle, as Douglas Verity, and Mr. J. J. Hall, as Mummery, were fair. The other characters were fairly successful in most instances. Miss Ruby Wilding has developed into a dancer of considerable skill. She has real talent, and her dancing in "Crinoline" and later with Mr. Fred Reade in an interpolated number, "Fox Trot Eccentric" was really delightful. The Society successfully launched an honorary orchestra, composed of members of the Society. Under the baton of Mr. Sydney Williamson, the musical director, its performance was satisfactory, especially when compared with the orchestral work in the previous production.

COMING
ATTRACTIONS

9

1. Charles Ray brings back one's early youth in "Nineteen and Phyllis." 2. A scene from Thomas Ince's big feature "Lying Lips," starring Florence Vidor. 3. Louise Glaum in "The Leopard Woman." 4 and 5. Ben Turpin and the Mack Sennett beauties in the 8-reel comedy "A Small Town Idol."



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OUR GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

No. 6. GRACE DARMOND

Reverses the usual custom and has forsaken the drama to infuse kick in Christie Comedies.

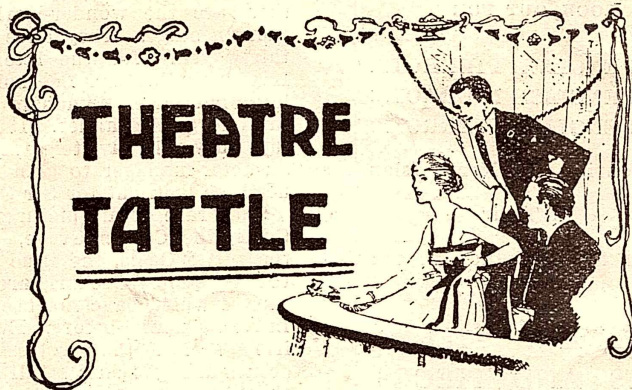


OUR GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

No. 7. *PRISCILLA DEAN*

Exchanges the dramatic role for one of sweet simplicity.





CURRENT CRITICISM.

"Three Wise Fools."

This is the way it was. Three antiquated bachelors, inured to financial comfort, excellent domestic service, leather upholstered furniture, and "round belly with good capon-lined," couldn't see why they should be pushed out of the comfortable rut in which they had been grooved for countless years. Somebody bequeathed to them a child, and it turned out to be a girl child of a marriageable age. The "Three Wise Fools" accepted the new situation with placid joy, climbed out of their grooves, handed the housekeeping keys, corkscrew, and all, to little Miss Fairchild, and luxuriated in femininity. The old banker almost knocked off swearing, and fined himself half a dollar for every "Hell!" and a dollar for each "Damn!" The old doctor got a glow on, and as for the judge, whom a crook was always hovering round waiting to send to the Judgment Seat, why, he was milk and molasses. Doesn't sound humorous, does it? But John D. O'Hara (in the J. C. W. Company at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland), put the breath of life into the banker character, and caused the audience to cackle with mirth. In this story there is a curious clashing of the conventional with unconvention, for on a novel idea the playwright solders the notion that these three adoring old bachelors shall believe the first rumour that their girl pet is a "crook." Even the audience knows she is nothing of the sort, and so, when the innocent child is weeping out her protestations of innocence, the audience wonders why the trio of human fossils don't get wise to the truth. The famous judge returns from the police station attired in evening dress, and apparently tries the matter outside the door of his dining-room, the harassing detective is commanded by the bachelors to evaporate, which, of course, he does by virtue of the United States Criminal Code, and the girls hurls herself, attired in a spangled dress and long silk stockings, into the arms of a young American man with a flatiron

building full of dollars and an accent full of flattened vowels. The three wise fools are all Americans, but Mr. O'Hara speaks the American language, while Mr. Arthur Cornell, as the doctor, and Mr. Frederick Esmelton, as the judge, converse in the language of Oxford.

The play is curious for its humorous presentation of recognisable types, and Mr. O'Hara is particularly fine in his showing of a fiery old person, who is hell and brimstone at 7.30, and doves and white flowers fifteen minutes later. An exceptionally fine characterisation is that of Mr. Esmelton as the judge, calm, polished, and with an undercurrent of gaiety. Mr. Arthur Cornell is a bit clippy with his English, but he has been playing so long that there is excuse for a trifling tiredness. Mr. Robert Toms presents the character of a young American who disentangles the mixed idea of the three wise fools, and makes love with vigour in a pronounced American accent. James B. Atholwood is still the artist. As a crook he can be heard in the dim recesses of the back row even when he hisses a wicked whisper. Miss Dorothy Seacombe is the girl, and I don't blame the chap with the accent for marrying her. Miss Margaret Sutcliffe, Edwin Lester, Charles White, Pirie Bush, Thomas W. Lloyd, and Thomas Foster all have parts which they individualise splendidly.

As this goes to press "Welcome Stranger" goes up.

More Impressions of "Chu Chin Chow"

"Chu Chin Chow" is a brilliant show that does not disappoint. We say this seriously and advisedly, for usually the show that has been consistently boomed for years rarely comes up to the unduly worked-up expectation. But "Chu" is unique, for, if the strangely bizarre does not fascinate, nor the actors please, there is ample compensation in the wealth of Harker scenery, which makes the show the most wonderfully illustrated chapter of "Arabian Nights" ever opened. Joseph Harker and his bro-

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an actor-manager to gain him knight-
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the Little Oasis, the Blue Palace, and
the Turquoise Orchard are scenes the
like of which have not been witnessed
in New Zealand before. Even the little
iris scenes—the series of little
scenes arranged on a small stage (upon
the big one) to give time for the ar-
rangements of the full-stage are as
alive with blazing colour as an opal
in the sunshine. Note the pellucid
water in the Big Oasis, note the gorge-
ous colouring of the clothes and stuffs
in the Bazaar scene, also in that tiny
scene where Mr. Workman and Miss
Ladd console their middle-aged hearts
by singing "Any Time's Kissing
Time." With the scenery goes the
lighting, in which new wonders are
disclosed—wonders in delicate restful
tones, those rare tints that used to be
used in expensive illustrated Bibles
a quarter of a century ago.

No, the cast is not the same as it
was in Australia, nor is it the same as
in London. What drivelsome criti-
cism it is to drag sameness or unsame-
ness of cast into the question. Miss
Helen Temple figured gloriously in
Vera Pearce's role of Mahrat, and I
cannot conceive Miss Pearce being so
richly alive and dramatic as this very
fine actress who is new and quite un-
known to me. The lady who goes to
the play with me said she was almost
perfect physically, and I can speak for
the genuineness of her dramatic
quality.

Mr. Frank Cochrane did not cobble
this way, but he has an excellent suc-
cessor in Mr. F. Wignall, who has a fine,
clear, baritone voice, with an excellent
diction, and withal acted well. Mr.
Paul Plunket makes a picturesque
Zira, the lover, of Marjanah, which
latter role is rather peakishly acted by
Miss Ina Griffin. After a close study
of the sex I felt inclined to agree with
Ali in his summing up of the
probable future of Marjanah; still she
sang well and was vital. Miss Pearl
Ladd was easily the best singer. Her
voice seems to have gained in round-
ness and softness since I heard her
in the Gilbert-Sullivan repertoire, and
her bits with Ali were well done. Her
singing in "Any Time's Kissing Time"
was excellent.

Mr. Arthur Styan, burly and harsh-
voiced, filled the big shoes of Chu ad-
mirably. His one little fault is a pre-
dilection to gabble his lines, which, in
the style they are written, made it
difficult to get 50 per cent. of them
from the back of the circle. Miss
Maggie Moore, as jolly as ever, only
had a little bit to do in the market
scene, and Miss Eily Malyon, a clever
actress, made a perfect shrew of Mrs.

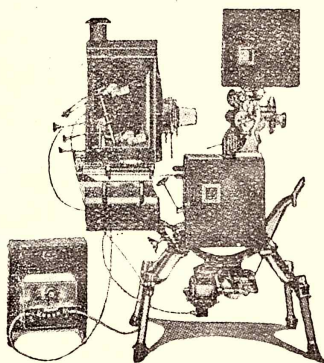
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Ali. Mr. Geo. Graystone (formerly of Edgar Warwick's show) was excellent as the Kasim's chamberlain, but Mr. G. K. Souper's voice had all gone to pot, rendering his Kasim less effective than it might have been. Mr. Robert Greig has left nothing to desire in the manner in which he displays his goods, and the orchestra under Mr. E. Roberts, does consistently good work. A bassoon and oboe would be helpful in effects.

The Gilbert-Sullivan Coy.

The Gilbert-Sullivan season in Wellington finished up in a whirl of enthusiasm that was good to see. It was at "The Yeoman of the Guard" that I detected the great re-awakening; it was plainly effulgent at "Iolanthe," and even the Wednesday matinee of "Pinafore" was well attended—a new experience for Wellington. The latter experience was one worth noting, for whilst one could keep one eye on the comedian singing:—

"Stick close to your desks
And never go to seas,
And you all may be rulers
Of the King's Navee,"

the other could rest on the classic features of Jellicoe of Jutland, who had been "the ruler of the King's Navee" at an even more momentous time in the history of the nation than that when Nelson swept the seas. It was unfortunate that Mr. Walenn developed a cold that kept him out of the cast for a few nights, so that we did not see his Sir Joseph Porter, nor his Judge in "Trial by Jury." He endeavoured to struggle through the Lord Chancellor on the first night of "Iolanthe," but he was a rather pathetic spectacle. Mr. John Kinson who took his place, was suited in face, figure and habit, but his comedy powers were severely limited. Still his understudy work was distinctly valuable. I was very struck with the Phyllis of Miss Patti Russell, but the Princess Ida of Miss Cissie Vaughan found that lady wanting in charm, picturesqueness, and humour. It is not given to all sopranos to shine in Gilbert and Sullivan. Whilst Mr. James Hay was one of the best exponents of the role of Col. Fairfax in "The Yeoman," he was one of the worst Ralph Rackstraw in "Pinafore." Consistently good work was done by Mr. Fredk. Hobbs (formerly of Christchurch) who was sound, if not brilliant, in the baritone roles. Mr. Albert Kavanagh is a great apostle of leaving it all to Gilbert, and doing as little as one need do oneself. He was as solid as a rock, and as solid as boardinghouse duff, yet he never missed a note, nor was there ever a word unheard. His Shadbolt was not to be compared with the grotesque creation of Howard Vernon, nor even the performance of the late W. D. Lyon (of the old Wellington Operatic Society); his Pooh Bah did not even have the sneer he was alleged to have been born

with; his Private Willis was a wooden soldier, and his Sergeant of Police was as unemotional and inexpressive as the ruined pillar he hid behind.

Messrs. Kavanagh and Walenn sang in the chorus of Gilbert and Sullivan operas in England thirty-five years ago. Kavanagh has become mechanical, but Walenn is as brisk and vital as the day he first assumed the comedy roles in the provinces of England.

Incidentally Mrs. Walenn, who travels with him, was a fine singer, with a good record in comic and grand opera in the Old Country. Unfortunately she is a sufferer with "nerves," the result of the dreadful air raids over London in war-time.



ALEXANDER WATSON,
England's premier reciter, now on a
tour of the Dominion.

More Melodrama.

Fuller's stock dramatic company at Auckland King's still extorts popular approval, and people sit in the gallery and drop tears on to the bald heads below. The latest appeal to sobs was "Shamus O'Brien," and as three-fourths of the people of Auckland have O'Brien's for relatives the "bedads" and "begobs" are deafening. Also the company play it as the audience evidently wish it to be played. Very naturally "A Flapper's Married Life" caused a block of cars on the Newton section. It wasn't much of a life for a girl to live, but the emotions of the

audiences were in proper working order and the hero got in his finest work amidst applause. Prior to the instigation of the flapper "It's Always the Woman" held the boards. In short the management knows what to give 'em and on the whole gives it to them in an efficient way.

Among the Mummers.

One of Nineteen.

CHARLES WALENN, the agile little comedian—another W. S. Penley—who heads the Gilbert-Sullivan Company in the comedy line, is one of a London family of nineteen. He is the seventh son and the twelfth child, and (listen ye shirker wives) Mr. Walenn's mother "hasn't a grey hair in her head and is as lively as a two-year-old (vide son Charlie). Charles has the vitality of half a dozen in his nimble toes and active mentality, and is always merry and bright. His family (the nineteen) inherited something vital from their honoured progenitors. Herbert Walenn is a master teacher of the 'cello, is a Royal Academy Professor, and has a school of his own. Among his many distinguished pupils are Mischel Cheriavsky, and Boris Hambourg (Mark's 'cellist brother). Gerald Walenn is one of the finest violinists in Australia, is professor of his instrument at the Elder Conservatoire, Adelaide, and is in love with his job. Fred Walenn is a London artist with his own studio at St. John's Wood.

Mrs. Walenn (Charles's wife), who is travelling with him, is a martyr to rheumatism of the nerves, which does not prevent her being a charming and intellectual conversationist, extremely well versed on all the topics of the day. She lived in London throughout the war, and underwent all the mental torture engendered by the raids. On one occasion the house next to the Walenn domicile in St. John's Wood was split open by a bomb. Her nerves have never been the same since. Let us hope, in the words of W. S. Gilbert, that:

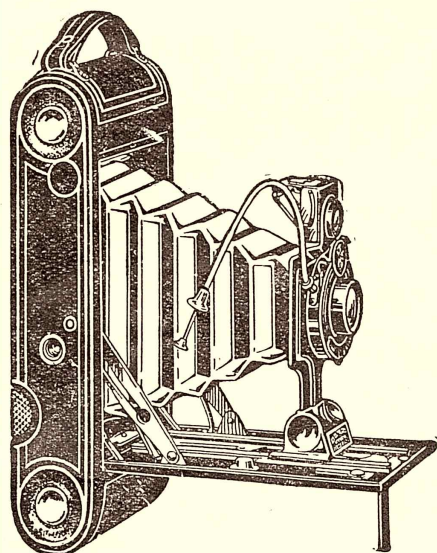
"The pain that is all but a pleasure will change,

For the pleasure that's all but pain."

Mr. Walenn is a cheerful soul, who looks on the bright side of everything, and who thinks New Zealand nearly as fine a country as England.

A "Slight" Mistake.

MR. JOHN RALSTON, of the Gilbert-Sullivan Company, was recently trying to dodge a tricky three-quarter back motor car in Swanston Street Melbourne, when he was run down and over by a handsome cab. It was a good job it was handsome enough to possess a pair of nice new rubber tyres, or John would now be singing "Oh, Rapture!" in the heavenly choir rather than in "The Gondoliers." But for the fact that the horse knocked him down, and the tyre went over his ear he did not know much. When he came to there was a crowd round him, the police wanted to know his name and address, and some kind soul said: "I'll look after you, Ralston, you don't know me, but I know you." He was placed in a taxi, and his friend got in with him. On the journey, John recovered sufficiently to ask his unknown friend to take him to Dr. Strong's in Collins Street, not to the hospital. So to Collins street they went, and after seeing him safely to a couch, and explaining to the attendant what the trouble was, the unknown left his card on the table and departed. Dr. Strong told Ralston that he was the luckiest man alive. Had the wheel passed two inches higher or lower across his head he would not have lived to tell the tale. Nicely bandaged and feeling better already he was about to leave, when it struck him to look at the card to see who the good Samaritan was. Judge his amazement when he found it was that of Mr. Slight, the best known undertaker in Melbourne.



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"By Jove," said John to Dr. Strong, "he's a live bird. Fancy him looking out for business at the street corners!"

"Jules"

(Pronounced "Jewels," with a shrug).

Jules Jordan, the new comedy star, who is playing in "Welcome Stranger" is no Irishman. He is short and bulbous, has a pale skin, and a nose that knows what's what. He speaks in a low guttural voice, and cannot do so without uplifting the palms of his hands as though he were bringing in a double order of drinks. Now vot is he? I ask you? Jules is a type—and that is why he is so necessary for "Welcome Stranger." A nice shrewd yet amiable Jew was needed to represent the Stranger who butts into the little old village, and sets it going, something like Wallingford did only different. Jules in person is a genial conversationalist with a broad outlook (44 in. round it). Like the village blacksmith he looks the whole world in the face, and never comes in under a pair of kings. He thinks that the U.S. is a fool territory to Australasia for theatrical touring—can't get over the 4,000 mile trip from Perth to Auckland—three weeks without salary. Oh, my! The first thing he spotted in N.Z. was the 8 per cent. investments that were shouting aloud in every paper. He thinks it is too good a thing to be out of, and is selling his press book to raise the price of an investment. Jules says he is an actor, but he doesn't have to act worth a cent. in "Welcome Stranger" as the part is Jules. Besides he does not clash with the apostle O'Hara, who grows more like Frank Bacon every time he comes to this pig-raising country.

"Mother"

"I saw my mother for the first time for twenty-three years," said Frederick Hobbs, the fine baritone lead in the Gilbert & Sullivan Company to a "T. and M. P." repre-

sentative last week. Mr. Hobbs, who puts up such a notably good performance as the Mikado, is a native of Christchurch, and has been away from N.Z. nearly twenty-four years, about the whole of that time on the Operatic stage. He has been performing in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire for the last eight years solid in the provinces of England, so that there is no foundation for the fear that G. and S. is going out of date. The last revival of the opera at the Savoy in London, exceeded financially any of the previous seasons. According to Mr. Hobbs it was a case of having to book seats weeks ahead in order to secure seats. That success, too, was reflected in Sydney and Melbourne. Gilbert and Sullivan was never more popular than at the present day.

In "H.M.S. Pinafore" a photograph is used among the properties. Mr. Hobbs happened to ask who the subject was and was informed that it was Harry Plimmer (formerly of Wellington) and now touring the United States with Miss Ethel Barrymore.

Alexander Watson.

Finest Reciter in the Empire.

Evidently the fame of Alexander Watson is not so penetrating as one would imagine. Mr. Carlyle Smythe wired for dates for "Alexander Watson" to one provincial town in the North Island, and received an answer, the tag of which read: "Please state nature of entertainment." Mr. Smythe said he was saving it up, in order to keep Alexander humble in spirit, when he was inclined to be otherwise. Perhaps the official who wrote the note in question will be surprised to learn from us that this same Alexander Watson is probably the finest reciter in the Empire. I do not mean to infer that he is the greatest of elocutionists, or that he has the thrill of some of the big tragedians. Not a bit! What I hold and wish to convey to my readers is that as a weaver of a spell in the recital of any narrative, grave or gay, in verse or prose, I know of no one whose intellectu-

ality and fineness of soul fascinates as much. Mr. Watson is one of a rare species that comes only once in a generation to a nation. His predecessor was the Rev. Charles Clark, of blessed memory, and when I make bold to say that Mr. Watson is all of Clark, save perhaps, his native geniality, those with memories will realise that his recitals are not to be passed by lightly. At the same time I would like to warn people that once they hear this Pied Piper of England, they will go again and again. One gentleman of my acquaintance went to hear Watson for four evenings in succession, when the latter was here a few years ago. On the morning after the season closed I met

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him, and happened to remark that he looked a bit down in the mouth. "And is there not cause?" he snapped. "How?" I gasped. "Alexander Watson's season has closed!" We wept together. On the present tour Mr. Watson is to recite Dickens's delightful Christmas story, "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," the ever famous forum scene from "Julius Caesar" (an astonishing piece of diverse characterisation), some of Sir James Barrie's whimsical works, and probably some more Masfield, Dickens, and Kipling. The tour is announced elsewhere in this issue.

The Newest Attraction.

The "Welcome Stranger" Company, now in Auckland, includes a fair sprinkling of old-timers. The list is headed by John D. O'Hara, who is accompanied by such seasoned "pros." as J. B. Archwood, Edward Lester, Thomas Lloyd, and Arthur Cornell.

Miss Lizette Parkes left the company in Melbourne to marry Dr. Andrews. Her parts have been taken up by Miss Dorothy Seecombe, a promising comer-on, who was clever as a child actress.

The company's last voyage was from Perth to Auckland—a journey of about 4000 miles. The trip from Perth to Sydney by rail occupied six days.

Williamson and Tait to Build Theatres

The opening of the new Theatre Royal in Sydney marks the progress of the policy of J. C. Williamson and J. and N. Tait in the erection of a chain of new theatres throughout Australia and New Zealand, which will represent the "last word" in theatre construction. So far as New Zealand is concerned, a commencement will be made in Auckland in the near future, with the erection of the first of the new theatres. The site is in Queen Street, opposite Smith and Caughey's, and the new place of entertainment will embody the very latest ideas for the comfort and convenience of patrons.

Dodds, of London.

Janieson Dodds, who is playing in the Melbourne production of "The Lilac Domino" the role he created in the original production in London, was originally a concert singer, but for several years past has been playing leading roles in comic opera and other musical productions on the London stage. He is a North of England man. His wife, Moya Chance, who plays the part of Leonie in "The Lilac Domino," is also Rene Maxwell's understudy. In London Moya Chance understudied Clara Butterworth, who was the Georgina of the production at the Empire Theatre.

"Scandal."

Harry Cohen, son of Albert Cohen, of Dunedin, and formerly a reporter in Wellington, is said to be drawing about £120 a week cold as manager and owner of the Australasian rights of Cosmo Hamilton's play "Scandal," now running to big business in Sydney.

Blanche Browne Back.

J. C. Williamson, Ltd., attractions in Sydney at present, include "The Little Whopper," at Her Majesty's, with Blanche Browne, of "Our Miss Gibbs" fame, in the leading role; the comedy, "Adam and Eva" is at the Theatre Royal, with Maude Hanaford, Frank Harvey, W. J. Kelly, and Mrs. Brough in the principal roles.

Naval and Military.

Bob Greig, who has been to London recently, tells a good story illustrative of the wit of the late Sir Beerbohm Tree, whose theatre in the big smoke Oscar Asche with "Chu Chin Chow" succeeded to.

A week after the first performance of "Chu" Sir Beerbohm met Miss Lily Brayton (Mrs. Asche).

"I heard that you saw 'Chu' the other evening, Sir Beerholm."

"Why, yes."

"And what did you think of my dresses?"

"Splendid, Lily, but I should say that they are more navel than millinery!"

MISS MAUDE HANAFORD, J. C. Williamson's latest importation, arrived in Sydney recently. Miss Hanaford is to play lead in the newly-organised dramatic company, which opens up in Sydney shortly in Channing Pollock's new drama, "The Sign on the Door." In addition to Miss Hanaford, William J. Kelly, Charles H. White, and George Parker have also arrived. The latter will supervise the production. "The Sign on the Door" was first staged at the Republic Theatre, and was recorded one of the successes of the season.

LEE WHITE and Clay Smith, fresh from their successful Australian tour, are to reappear in London shortly in a new revue at the Vaudeville.

MR. PAUL PLUNKETT, the lengthy debonair actor-singer, who was seen here some years ago in "The Girl in the Taxi," is with the "Chu Chin Chow" Company, which is to follow the Gilbert-Sullivan Company in Wellington.

Annette Kellerman, also German Films.

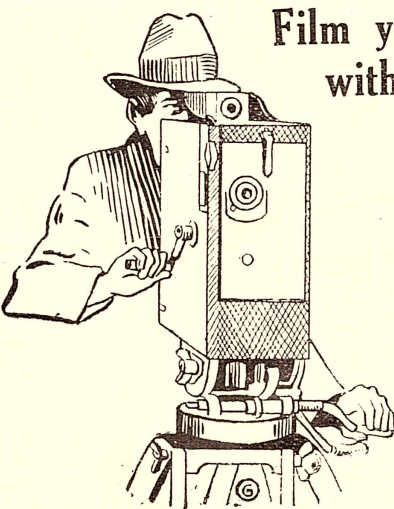
David Mac writes:—A stranger is, I suppose, allowed to butt in and have a say in this frigid zone. The only time I managed to get anything like a heat up was when I saw some of the half-truths published in your journal. 'Tis this way, in your article bearing the caption "A German Invasion," you ask: "Do the Yanks squeal when their pockets are pinched," and I'll say they do. I backed the Springboks yesterday, and did the Wellingtonian who lost squeal? My oath, he did! Not that these things convey very much, do they? But the real kick against "Deception" and "Passion" is one of an Anglo-Saxon or, rather, Entente-cordiale indignation. The latter is a film of the French Revolution, and that is an item allowing for much fine acting and example; but our late enemy, in portraying the doing of the sans-culottes, deprecates the name of France to the glory of the Prussian. "Deception" vividly shows the workings of our own over-married king, Henry VIII., and, particu-

larly, his affair with Anne Boelyn, and, again, we find sly insinuations of German superiority over the British minds. It is on account of these things—the display of German propaganda films in America—that all the fuss is about; the acting in both is recognised as that of masters, and the settings are faithfully carried out, but if you must speak ill of me, don't come into my backyard or into that of my neighbour. Germany lost the war, but is rapidly recovering—to win the peace! Your correspondent is right regarding the slump—people like Selznick, Paramount, and First National are reducing from 52 pictures a year to 26, and others are closing down. Some of the supposedly high-salaried "starines" are looking for real work—for the sake of America, let's hope they are better carpenters and housemaids than they were actors, otherwise there is going to be a hungry time for some of 'em. Another little one. In another place, you say Annette Kellerman's company was sent back to London after one appearance at a matinee (Sydney). Well, I have by me at present the programme of her second week at the "Tivoli" with her small company, who certainly were going strong, for I saw her and the small company two weeks running. I know what you mean, but that was only two of the said company, and, as Annette would say: "Honest to goodness and, as true as true, I didn't know." However, I hope you don't mind my feeble criticisms. You won't, I know. I wish you all success with the journal, which I see is comparatively a new baby. Good luck to you.

[Our correspondent's reference to Annette Kellerman is correct. She, together with two supporting acts, opened at Sydney Tivoli under the management of Harry Musgrove shortly after the matinee performance in a J.C.W. theatre referred to in the July issue.]

"Three Wise Fools."

It is interesting to recall that the charming comedy "Three Wise Fools" was written by Austin Strong, who was educated at Wellington College, under Mr. J. P. Firth. When he was in America during the war, Mr. T. Y. Seddon met his old school-fellow in New York, and was delighted to find him a successful dramatist. As a matter of fact they met on the very day that his "Three Wise Fools" was accepted for production, and had a "beano" on the strength of it, which was in the natural order of things. Mr. Alec. Wilson will manage the tour, which is announced in our advertising columns.



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"I Refuse to Carry On."

Why Harry Moschini is Treated
Unfairly.

(By Eric Baume).

"It is not fair. . . Either you attend rehearsals, or I refuse to carry on. Ladies and Gentlemen, this may be the last concert in which you will have my services as a conductor."

Thus did little Harry Moschini speak to the much-discussed Wellington Professional Orchestra a fortnight ago as I write. And be it said that the rebuke is necessary. First of all, let me renounce any claim to authorship of the excellent article in the issue before last by "A flat." I am not he—I am merely a harmless second flute-player in Moschini's orchestra. . . I am a bad attendant at practices, whereby, if I do not mend my ways I shall be told to get hence. But to get on with my story. In many respects I disagree with "A flat." The finest he has ever heard, to my idea, is the Verbrugghen orchestra. Then, if he is discerning—but what New Zealand critic was aught but in-

the end of the year to Auckland.

"It is not fair. . . ."

Those are Moschini's words. There are a loyal few, Garry, Hilder, Crump, Tucker, Rule and the ladies who are always at practices. There are others, including myself, who are not. Therefore, we and the rest of the public (including "A flat") should help instead of attempting to destroy. If we as an orchestra go to the pack, there will be no more good orchestral music in Wellington, of the kind we play. And "A flat" sadly misjudges Harry Moschini.

[On the above being submitted to "A Flat" he merely said—"I told you so!" Even the second flute winces like the galled jade at the bitter truth, whilst Mr. Moschini admits it by the attitude he assumed at rehearsal (as noted by



CHARLIE RAY,

In the fell clutches of early love in "Nineteen and Phyllis," can only ejaculate, "Oh, Phyllis!"

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For Particulars See Page 36.

sular (vide Adelaide van Stavern, who called me 'child' not long ago) and anything else but a know-all knowing nothing. WITHOUT THE HELP AND SUPPORT OF THE PUBLIC AN ORCHESTRA CAN DO NO GOOD. The Professional Orchestra does not want cheap plaudits. It wants the public to bear with it in its mistakes which are many; it wants their sympathy when sympathy is due—and in that connection, was sympathy ever more needed than in "Richard III" the other month? Just bear with us. "A flat" speaks with the self-satisfied air of the average N.Z. critic. He condemns, but he offers no suggestion for improvement. Far be it for me to say he knows not any way out of the difficulty.

Even I can criticise and condemn: it will be many years ere I will be able to criticise and suggest.

We don't want to lose Harry Moschini. He is a tiny chap with a heart of gold and a personality which "A flat" denies him. Does "A flat" have hopes of assuming the conductorship of the P. O. when Moschini goes at

Mr. Baume). "A Flat" does not consider he has done Mr. Moschini any injustice. If Mr. Moschini, deep down in his heart of gold thinks so, there is an out-size in abject apologies at his disposal. The intention of "A Flat" was to cut through the crocodile hide of second flutes, and such people in an endeavour to point out that non-progress in orchestral music is the genesis of deterioration. "A Flat" considers that the improvement in the playing of the Orchestra since his criticism is ample justification for its publication].

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THE REGINALD BARKER all-star production, "Godless Men," is the photoplay singled out by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures for first place in the four pictures selected from current releases in its first bulletin of critique, Exceptional Photoplays.

Clothes.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS IN PICTURES.

BY ANITA STEWART.

(Special to the "N.Z. Theatre and Motion Picture.")

One of the most vital concerns of a girl in pictures, in my estimation, is her dress. A girl's judgment in choosing clothes and her manner of wearing them probably bear more weight than any other one factor in the molding of public opinion.

This fact is easily traceable in women's approval or condemnation of a motion picture actress. Men as a rule are affected by feminine wardrobe in a sub-conscious manner. If they see a girl on the screen dressed in ill-taste or if she has defeated nice clothes by her way of wearing them, they know that she is a mistake in the picture and feel that she is not in keeping with what ought to be, although they may not pick out her wardrobe as the source of her error.

"Dressing a picture" is a serious problem to a motion picture actress. Her collection of gowns, suits and hats is expected to be inexhaustible. The life of men's clothes is measured by their endurance. With them evening dress is just evening dress, whether the night be in July or December, this year or next. Their business suits are either tight-fitting or draped, checked, striped or plain.

But a girl cannot wear the same gown or suit in pictures of consecutive releases. If she does, she acquires the reputation of being limited in clothes. And when she does let two or three pictures lapse before repeating a gown, it may be banned by fashion before she gets to it.

The public, especially the female element, is very critical of clothes worn in pictures. They seem to look to the screen for confirmation of new styles and for suggestions regarding the latest things in fashion. One proof of this is the fact that the de-

butantes of Los Angeles are right now planning a fashion show to demonstrate their creative ability in styles as independent of the influence exerted by the screen.

Irony is moved to take part now and then in the business of collecting a suitable wardrobe, and the result would be laughable if it weren't so serious. I had an experience with this arm of Fate just recently.

Upon the completion of "In Old Kentucky" last summer, I took a trip to New York partly for a vacation, but mostly to take advantage of the Fifth Avenue shops. This noted fashion centre was then in the throes of the strike epidemic, so I had a great deal more than the usual amount of trouble in obtaining the things I wanted. But I did succeed in my mission in time and returned to California late in the fall convinced that I had enough gowns, hats, suits, sport clothes, pumps and boots to last me until June at least.

My first picture was "The Fighting Shepherds," a western story, with most of the action layed on a ranch. I felt pretty good about owning a lot of nice, new clothes, and began to fear that I would never get a chance to wear them when the final scenes of the production came along, and the script called for my transfer to the effete East, allowing me to display two or three of my gowns.

Then I started on "The Yellow Typhoon," and found that it was just one costume change after another. I had the roles of twin sisters, both girls of refinement and extensive wardrobes and addicted, through the creative efforts of Harold MacGrath, to traveling.

Every possible element that would

necessitate a change of costume seemed to be in that story. In addition to the travelling episodes there were lapses of time and the necessity of having the twins wear contrasting clothes in order to avoid confusion in the spectator's mind.

I had twenty-five distinct changes of clothes in "The Yellow Typhoon," not including the several occasions when I wore simple shirtwaist and skirt costume and Russian peasant garments for disguise. In one grand sweep, the picture almost exhausted the wardrobe that I thought I had planned and timed so well.

Towards the end of the production, I was afraid to let the director see me in a new suit or gown for fear he would say it was just the thing for the next day's scenes.

Clothes, of course, are not the paramount thing in a picture. It must have a good story and be well acted or there is no hope for it. But they assume an important role when the picture is presented to the public. In many pictures the girls have to be well dressed in order to make the scenes seem truthful.

And there are times when the manner of putting a story on the screen is its saving quality—that is, when the sets are beautiful and artistic, when the photography is good and when the characters wear good clothes and are pleasing to look at.

I have known exhibitors to say that they never miss an opportunity to advertise to their patrons that the next week's picture will be a fashion show as well as a good dramatic production. They know from experience that if they can attract the women to their theatres the men and children will flock in as a matter of course.

I am a movie fan myself after studio hours. I like to see pictures just to see them. Like the people who fill the studio mail with letters of adoration, I have certain screen favourites whom I would go to see in any kind of a picture. When the cast titles are over, the familiar names of the actors and actresses fade out of my mind and I become as interested in their personalities and as immersed in the story unfolded as though I had never been in a motion picture studio.

Yet, in spite of the fact that I am absorbed by what is happening on the screen I cannot help but be aware of how the characters are dressed; whether the star's gowns are of new, old or neutral style, or if she gets the full value of her clothes by wearing them properly.

There are plenty of evidences that come to us from outside to prove that a girl in pictures cannot be too careful with her dress, and that her wardrobe is a good investment for success in the film world. But even if I did not have the advantage of these proofs, I would be convinced by my own fan attitude towards pictures that the theatre-going public constitutes a critical jury as regards an actress's personal appearance on the screen.



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Howard Vernon—Deceased.

Passing of a Talented Mummer.

(By "Spotlight.")

It is not my desire or intention to go into details of the career of the late Mr. Howard Vernon, an operatic mummer, who has been before the theatrical public nearly sixty years, more than to relate that he was born in Australia, and commenced singing in concert with the late G. B. Allen, composer and conductor, with whom he subsequently toured the East. Suffice that he was associated with most of the old-time operatic singers, including Elsa and Alice May, Annis Montague, Charles Turner, Armes Beamuont, Federici, Alfred Plumpton, and others. What middle-aged playgoers do not know, is that Mr. Vernon was in the first instance a tenor, with one of those handy voices that could accommodate itself almost to any music, and secondly that he did meet and was advised to continue his studies as a tenor by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and played tenor roles both in America and Australia. It was not, however, until he took up the comic roles in the Gilbert-Sullivan operas that his peculiar form of grotesque humour made him famous in these parts. He commenced by playing General Stanley in "The Pirates," and later played Ko-Ko in "The Mikado," the Grand Inquisitor in "The Gondoliers," King Gama and Hildebrand (both in "Princess Ida"), Bunthorne in "Patience," the Chancellor in "Iolanthe," and Shadbolt in "The Yeoman of the Guard," all performances of sterling merit, for Vernon was a born Gilbertian, and got more point out of Gilbert's lines than any player before or since. Those who only saw Vernon during the last ten years cannot believe in his brilliance, and there is something to be said for their doubts, for the man, as a player, deteriorated sadly in his later years. Indeed to be quite candid, he "lagged superfluous on the stage." The last time I saw him play Ko-ko showed me that. He had gone to pieces sadly, and was merely silly when he should have been funny.

On a recent occasion I had an interesting conversation with Mr. Charles Walenn, the comedian of the present Gilbert-Sullivan Company, and when, as was inevitable, we exchanged thoughts on the operas and performers in them, the name of Howard Vernon cropped up, and I unburdened my enthusiasm for the old man in his prime. Mr. Walenn smiled incredulously, and said that he could never have been as good as I thought he was: that in the first place Vernon was too tall for most of the parts, and he had seen him act, and on one occasion, had played Ko-ko in his place in Melbourne. In short he would not have

that Vernon could have been as great as we thought he was. I persisted in my belief. Now, much as I admire and respect Mr. Walenn, I would not compare his Ko-ko with that of Vernon's in the effect it had on the audiences, apart from whatever may be the Savoy traditions of the role. Mr. Walenn rattled off the clever talk of the character in some places so glibly as to be almost mechanical, and smiled aggressively and pleasantly throughout. Mr. Vernon's Ko-ko was eccentric and serious. Never can I forget the seductive witchery and exquisite humour that Vernon threw into the singing of "Tit-Willow," his comical terror when the Mikado mentions boiling oil or molten lead as his fate, and the business he did—oh, that shudder—when he passes Yum Yum over to Nanki Poo, with the words—"Take her, she's your-r-r-s!" (the r's are the shudder). Mr. Walenn argues that Ko-ko must be a little man. No line in the text indicates that this suddenly elevated cheap-tailor is a little man, though, of course, the contrast with the Katisha may suggest some discrimination in height. Mr. Vernon's Bunthorne was one of his very best performances, and his Shadbolt was so far beyond any other exposition of the role that one may say we have only seen one Shadbolt—and there is no reason why either of these roles should be played by small men. In King Gama, Vernon was not suited owing to his height, and he subsequently played Hildebrand, but his Inquisitor was a performance, of especial brilliance. So whilst I bow to Mr. Walenn as a very excellent comedian on traditional lines, I drop a silent tear to the memory of a really great Gilbertian, who now knows that: "Death is the only true unraveller."



The late MR. HOWARD VERNON.
From a photograph taken at the height of his career.

Late Music Notes.

Mozart Recitals.

Signor Cesaroni is leaving New Zealand next year to fulfill an important engagement with the Columbia Gramophone Company, of New York, and thereafter will probably tour in concert in the U.S. and South America with Signor Tino Cappelli, the tenor with whom he was for so long associated in the Gonzales Grand Opera Company, so that those wishing to benefit by his experience and knowledge whilst he is still in New Zealand have not much time to deliberate. Cesaroni is one of the finest operatic basses heard in New Zealand for a long time and his intimate knowledge of operatic methods, his skill in interpretation, and his knowledge of how the voice should be produced, and the breath used, should be of great assistance to students.

What should be of very special interest to the musical is Signor Cesaroni's intention of giving a couple of Mozart recitals in November. The basso has, besides Italian grand opera made a special study of the vocal music of Mozart, having studied at Munchen under Prof. Rosee, the celebrated instructor in Mozartian interpretation. In these recitals he will be assisted by a quartet of his pupils—Misses Olive Barth and Evelyn Harris, and Messrs. Robt. Porteous and Ernest Jones.

The estimation in which Signor Cesaroni is held may be judged from the following extract from the "Wanganui Herald," which said: "It is no exaggeration to say that Cesaroni is one of the greatest basses who have appeared locally. He is not only a fine singer, but a splendid artist. . . He is one who has thoroughly mastered the intricacies of voice production, and who may not only be termed a master of interpretation, but a creator of artistic renderings."

"Judas Maccabæus."

The attention of all lovers of the good and great in music is directed to the fact that the Wellington Choral Union is to sing Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabæus" (second only in majesty of conception and beauty in melody to "The Messiah") at the Wellington Town Hall, on Saturday, August 27th. "Judas" has not been heard in Wellington for some years, and its wonderful narrative force and splendid chorales should come back fresh and glorious to the ear. The Union has been exceptionally fortunate in being able to secure the services of Madame Rosa Alba, a noted English singer, whose work in Australia and elsewhere in New Zealand has stamped her as a soprano of outstanding qualities. This singer has a magnificent repertoire, and her services have been in marked request all over New Zealand for two months past. The other soloists will be Miss Phyllis Massey, who was so successful at the Christchurch competitions, where, though but a mezzo, she carried off the contralto and mezzo prizes, and established herself as a naturally graceful and finely-toned singer. Mr. A. Oakey, a baritone new to Wellington, will make his debut here in oratorio and Mr. Hubert Carter, now of Palmerston North, who sang so well in Wellington in "Cavalleria," will be heard in the tenor music. As usual Mr. H. Temple White will conduct, and the secretarial duties will be in the safe hands of Mr. William Caldwell.

"Welcome Stranger" Wisdom.

No. 1.—"Any yokel knows that 2 plus 2 equals 4; but to sell it for 5! Dot's business."

No. 2.—"The pen is mightier than the sword—so be sure and keep out of the pen."

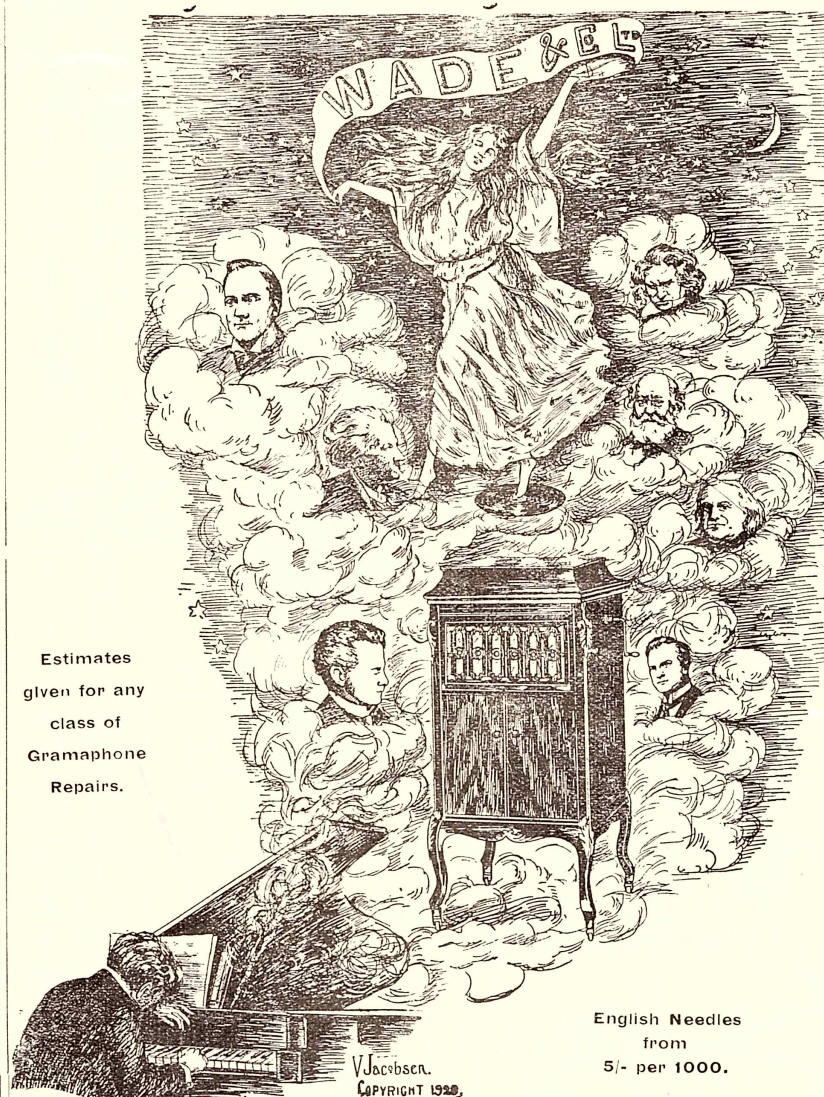
* * *

An optimist is a man who every time he sees a meal served in the movies picks his teeth and tips the usher a shilling.

* * *

"Ye Shall Pay" is the title of a picture now in production. Evidently the start of a drive against "deadheads."

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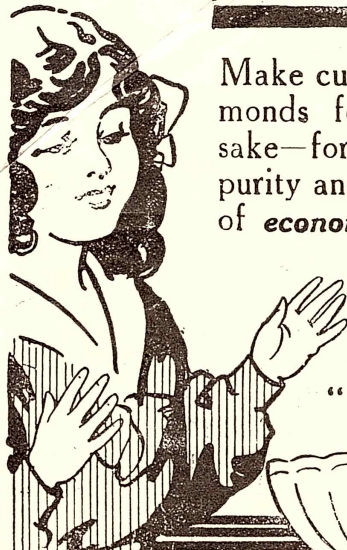
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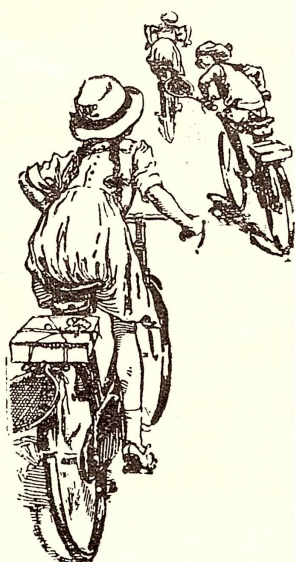
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A Page for Amateurs.

(By "Peter Quince")

The Drummers' Choir.

Commercial Travellers are in the habit of displaying their samples to the very best advantage. Amongst the truck they have to dispose of are a fine selection of tenor and baritone voices, which were eagerly purchased by clients in plenty at the Concert Chamber on Saturday evening, July 30th. In the aggregate the goods were as good as anything yet vended in the hall, and doubtless repeat orders will ensue, despite the frazzled state of the money market. They opened up their book with a fine sample of Mendelssohn in a single length, very finely woven, and coloured. The number was "The Joyous Wayfarer," which shows that Mendelssohn knew something of the nature of the C. T. of his day. The sad sweet "Banks of Allen Water" had nothing to do with the banks that are troubling the C.T.'s so much just now, but I fancy the soldier that sorted out the miller's daughter must have been a temporary Tommy, as the reference in the line: "A winning tongue had he" proves that he must have been a drummer in khaki. Anyhow the tale was beautifully told and encored. Other samples of mixed tenor and baritone were "An Irish Folk Song," "Alexander," an effective "Viking Song" (in which occurs a suspicious reference to a fire—same reason I suppose); "It's O to be a Wild Wind"; "As Torrents in Summer" (Elgar); and Becker's stirring "On the March." The "Goodnight" number specially written by F. V. Blandford, was also well sung. Miss Mabel Esquilant assisted the drummers to boost their goods. What a superb voice this beautiful woman is developing. Her voice was always full of velvet depths, but with assiduous training she has brought it well forward, until there is a positive thrill in her higher notes when she chooses to exert her great power. It is almost too good a voice to waste on trifling little love ballads, pretty as they may be. Her's is the ideal voice for "In Questa Tomba" and "Creation's Hymn" of Beethoven, "The Three Fishers," "Out on the Rocks," Handel's "Largo" and such numbers. I can listen with pleasure to Miss Esquilant in anything, but I long for the thrill that comes with great music grandly sung. At this concert she sang "Life and Death" (Coleridge Taylor), "Down the Shallow" (C. Clarke), "Amber and Amethyst" (Carse), and Claude Haydon's "Rainbow," which Miss Esquilant sings most admirably. The Melody Four—a male quartet—is doing remarkably fine work. They evidently

rehearse their numbers to a hair—which is the only way of achieving anything like perfection—and have attained a rare degree of finish, as was heard in "Reveries," the lively "Kentucky Babe," the positively skittish "Tom, Tom the Piper's Son," the lovely "Radiance in Your Eyes." This Four phrases nicely and has light and shade on every counter. Mr. C. A. Williams, a light tenor, showed a nice sample of tenor (for summer wear) in "O Vision Entrancing," and with Mr. W. J. Robbins displayed a good heather mixture in the comic duet "Tenor and Baritone." Mr. Peter Connell also contributed. Mr. Matt Dixon presided at the piano, and Mr. H. Temple White, as conductor, had his forces well under control.

Rev. Archibald Hunt and Others.

The Rev. Archibald Hunt, of Wellington, is an old hand at elocutionary pastimes. Dropped in to hear him at the Wellington Concert Chamber the other evening, and found some difficulty in doing so. That is owing to the reverend gentleman regarding the hall as a drawing-room. He opened in one of Service's savage tales of the Yukon, a tale chok full of sin and misery, which he recited in a small meek voice that might be effective by a sick bedside, but did not present service to the audience. Mr. Hunt's voice is too light and much too gently expressed for dramatic work—he has no moments, no flaring climaxes. He bleats pleasantly, and, when he wishes to be impressive, throws his head back and gazes at the ceiling in the old weak way. In humorous stuff he is much better. I thoroughly enjoyed his comic disquisition on history, and also "Gladys Mary," a tale of a cat who lost the whole of its nine lives at one fell swoop. Miss Ava Symons, our most cultured violinist, gave joy in her work, which included the brilliant finale of the "Rondo of



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Capriccioso" of Saint-Saens, Berthold Tour's Second Romance, the d'Ambrosia "Canzonetta" and a delightful setting of "Savourneen Deelish," by Easthope Martin. Mrs. J. F. Woodward, who has a highly cultured soprano pipe, with a peculiar flute-like intonation above middle D, sang with delicate charm, "April Morn" (she is fond of florid waltz songs), and Montague Phillips's "The Garden Wakes." Mr. Harold Whittle played the accompaniments on a piano, the tone of which was as dead as Julius Caesar.

"The Merchant of Venice."

When I was a boy at school—it seems like yesteryear—I had to learn Portia's speech on mercy from "The Merchant of Venice," and ever since I learned and studied the Court scene I have considered the fair Portia to be the greatest humbug in the drama, for, having caught the Jew upon the hip over her "drop of blood" theory, the soft spirit of mercy vanished, and she pursued the poor old broken Shylock like a hungry wolf pursues a fat traveller, and smashed him utterly on the wheels of Venice's strict laws. The schools have never let up on "The Merchant" and "Julius Caesar." Year in and out they give us the same old studies, as though Shakespeare had only written two plays. This is appropriate of a performance of "The Merchant," which I witnessed the other evening at the Concert Chamber (Wellington), by the Teachers' Training College Dramatic Club. Alas for our teachers! Alack for the boys and girls that they have to teach! Here were only three or four who knew how to speak Shakespeare, and only two appreciated the music of the Bard's immortal lines. Shylock was played by Mr. Kennedy, whose accent suggested an Irish brogue with an occasional dash into the Jew of the vaudeville stage. Never once through the evening did he make a "dramatic point." Even during that clutching bit of logic, spoken by Shylock, which includes the lines:—

"If you tickle us, do we not laugh?
If you poison us do we not die?"
Mr. Kennedy went round and round the stage moving at the back of Antonio and Bassanio, speaking the lines monotonously, pointlessly. All the men were as bad. They had no idea that they were playing a comedy. Miss Glover's performance stood out boldly as the most graceful and distinguished. Miss Glover has a charming, low-pitched voice, and has an instinct for Shakespearian dialogue. She speaks naturally, with the clearest diction, and the nicest regard for pronunciation. Here is a young lady

who should be sent round the schools to teach the teachers how to speak. Without the slightest trace of nervousness, and wearing an expression naturally bright and comely, Miss Glover made Portia sweet and womanly. If I might venture to suggest anything to this young lady, it would be to practice a little more variation in tone, that is to say, practice extending her speaking tones over a greater range. Miss Milesi was a bright plump-faced Jessica, Miss K. Bathgate, was a commendable Nerissa, and Miss Hickling was effective as Gratiano. In mercy to the men I will not particularise their shortcomings. The whole performance cried out for capable direction in stage movement, deportment, and grouping.

"Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace."

"Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace" (H. H. Davies) does not wear well; neither was it played well by Culford Bell's adult team a fortnight or so ago in the Wellington Concert Chamber. In the first instance, as we have frequently remarked, adequate rehearsal under intelligent direction will accomplish much. The comedy appeared to have been inadequately rehearsed (if one may judge by the frequent intercession of the prompter's voice), and the standard of direction was not high. For instance, one character pronounced the French word soupçon "soup song," and another followed with the same elegant diction. Col. Jardine entered on one occasion and said, "Where is the others?" Moreover, his December and May "make-up"—which consisted of grey hair, white eyebrows, and the dossiest little brown moustache—was absurd. It was, however, a make-up consistent with his emphases. Mr. Hall Spencer looked well as Cap. Mowbray. His clothes sat well upon him, he moved easily, and, on the whole, was the best in the bill. Occasionally, his tone would become "Nancified"—if one might coin a word—but he played a grateful part fairly effectively. Mr. Alf. Kingston was affected with the low key everybody struck, and, moreover, was rather youthful in aspect for a Scotland Yard shrewdly. Miss Linnie was much too flapperish for Mrs. Gorrings. One could not conceive her as the mother of a family—maturity in style and appearance were lacking. Though bright and pleasant-looking, Miss Nicholas was out of the picture—a miscast. Miss Isabel Haligan made Isabel Kirke as nice and sensible a girl as the author permitted, for no girl could surely become so deeply attached to such a spineless knave and degenerate as Lieut. Cairn. She spoke her lines with intelligence, but generally with the soft pedal down. Mr. E. L. Jones was quite impossible as Colonel Jardine, and Miss Haze! Maitland was much too straggly and frayed as Mrs. Jardine. Mr. Baxton Ginger gave a

SNIFF UP, GARGLE OR SWALLOW

FLUENZOL

hesitant and depressing performance as Lieut. Cairn. Vicky Jardine was brightly played by Aggie Atkins, and Miss Potts by Phyllis Adams. One of the chief and fundamental defects was that, save in the case of Mr. Spencer and Miss Halligan, the performers did not listen intelligently. Speaking the lines is only half the job. Wrong emphases and an absence of expression at salient points were among the defects of the performance. An ill-balanced orchestra, shockingly out of tune, bored the audience during the intervals.

"Bill Stony" or the Laziness of Labour.

L. P. Leary is an Auckland barrister and an Auckland Varsity college man. He is the gifted perpetrator of "Bill Stony," a good humoured diatribe against the laziness of Labour or words to that effect. It was the culminating diablerie of a week of Varsity revels and people fought their grandmothers to get into the Town Hall Concert Chamber to see and hear it. The author himself, a good looking youth, becomes a typiste in the play, and wears grease paint, silk stockings and a charming feminine costume. He is the one person who speaks real English in the play, if one excepts Friday Easther, who occasionally forgets that he is representing a British labourer with early Victorian side whiskers, "bowyangs" round his courduroy pants and a "hardhitter." Leary has evolved a modern version of "Pygmalion and Galatea." A sculptor (in his dreams) creates a statue of Bill and it comes to life and is very active in the pursuit of rest. Bill becomes chief Highroller of the State and reduces the output of common toil to nothingness. The hordes of the East find that En Zed has folded its white and well manicured hands and sends an Admiral and a warship or so to Auckland. Bill, the President, expectorates on his hands, has the warships blown up by the Auckland Yacht Squadron, and becomes a violently loyal British person, whiskers and all. Then the sculptor wakes up and Bill goes back to his pedestal and becomes a flour covered statue. Friday Easther is especially good as Bill. He always has been exceptionally good and is unrecognisable in his work from a man habitually engaged 350 nights in the year doing stunts for the populace. Leary has limned with comic touch the character of a boardinghouse keeper of harmless amatory tendencies, and Bryce Hart is the said lady. Bryce (who is also clever with his pencil) gives a grotesque presentation of the lady, his length and angularity caus-

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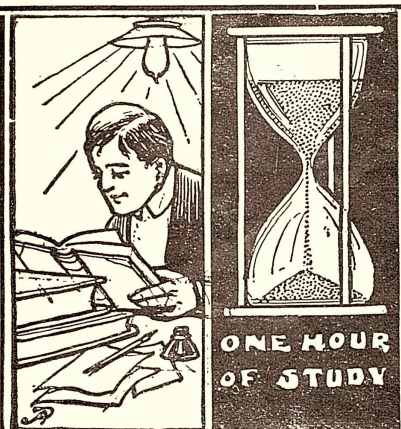
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ing the requisite gusts of merriment. Bryce wrote the song "The Fact Is" himself, and it is better comic stuff than most of the comic stuff fed to the groundlings. Jack Coppard is Guff, the sculptor, and, except that he possesses the almost universal tinny accent and the equally universal misunderstanding of the use of English vowels, he is alright. I'll write a thesis someday, which shall show that both the tin and the nasal accent are the result of post nasal growths in infant New Zealanders. Mr. George Seddon is Sir Donan Coyle, who is introduced as an excuse for the supernatural extravasation of blood into the marble circulation of Bill. He is a serious smile-less spiritualist, and has not the beer and beef appearance of Sir Conan himself. Geoff. Davis is the Japanese Admiral, and adequately conveys the idea of a passionless person who will cut throats as a mere duty in the morning and weep over the chrysanthemums on the grave in the afternoon. Some more than ordinarily capable persons did the mechanical part of the show and the students must have gathered much cash for the cause of education. If some of the said kale could be spent in fitting a new accent to Varsity men it would be well spent. It is quite indistinguishable from the accent of the wharf. Indeed the advantage is with the wharfie and the fish hawkler.

"Paola and Francesca."

The presentation of Stephen Phillips's dramatic masterpiece "Paola and Francesca" at the Town Hall on August 23rd, 24th, 25th will undoubtedly arouse considerable interest. The play, when presented in London with George Alexander and Martin Harvey as the two brothers whose passion for Francesca met with such a tragic ending, was received by press and public as a notable addition to the dramatic art of the day. The "London Times" said of the play:—"Simple, direct, concerned with the elemental human passions and presenting its story in the persons of four strongly defined characters of the first rank, 'Paola and Francesca' appeals to the dramatic sense as well as to the sense of poetic beauty. A very beautiful and original rendering of one of the most touching stories in the world." Dante first told of the unhappy love story of "Paola and Francesca," but it remained for Stephen Phillips to present it in dramatic form. It will be remembered that the play tells of the marriage of Francesca to Giovanni, the lame, but that the affection of the young wife was given to the younger and more handsome brother, Paola, and how, finally, their passion overcame their resolutions, honour and fear. The tragical outcome is summed up in the words of Giovanni: "Unwillingly they loved; unwillingly I slew them." Miss Mabel Hardinge-Maltby is in charge of the production and will play "Lucrezia," and Miss Linda McIntyre, who will be remembered for her fine performance in the "Maori Love Legends," is the Francesca. Mr. Theo. Tresize will play "Paola; Mr. Paul Latham, Giovanni; others in the cast being: Misses Eva Butts, Innes, Murie, Mueller, Messrs. Oswin, Pankhurst, Aldrich, Spencer, Facer, and Buckridge.

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